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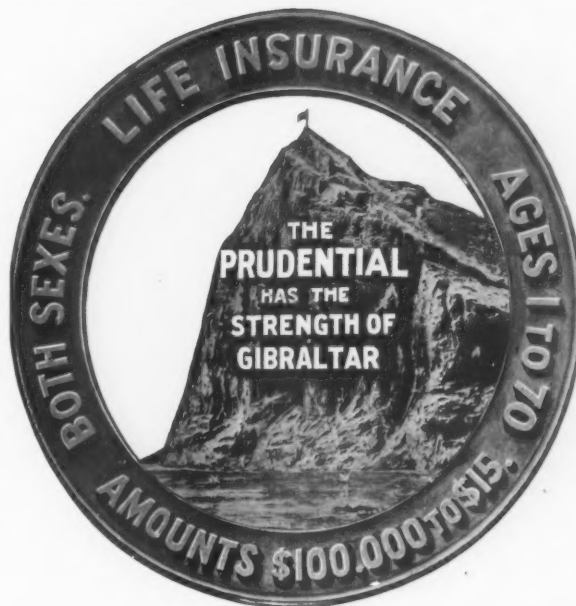
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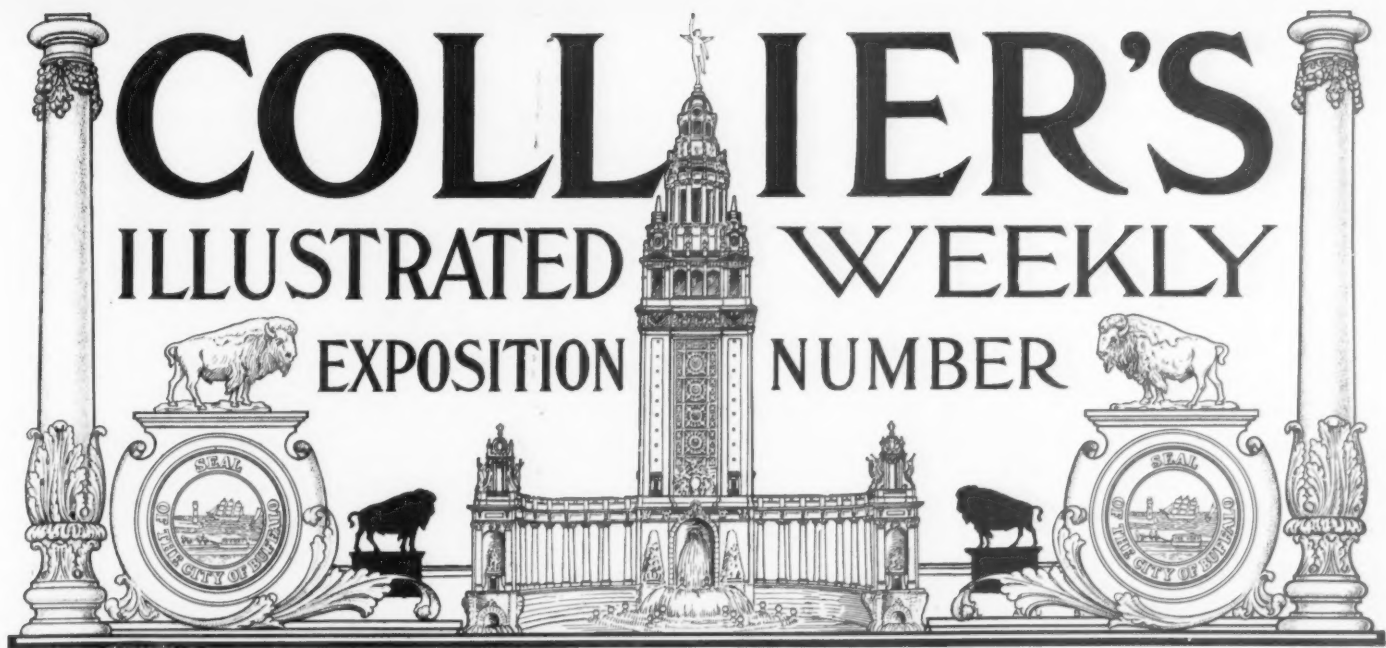


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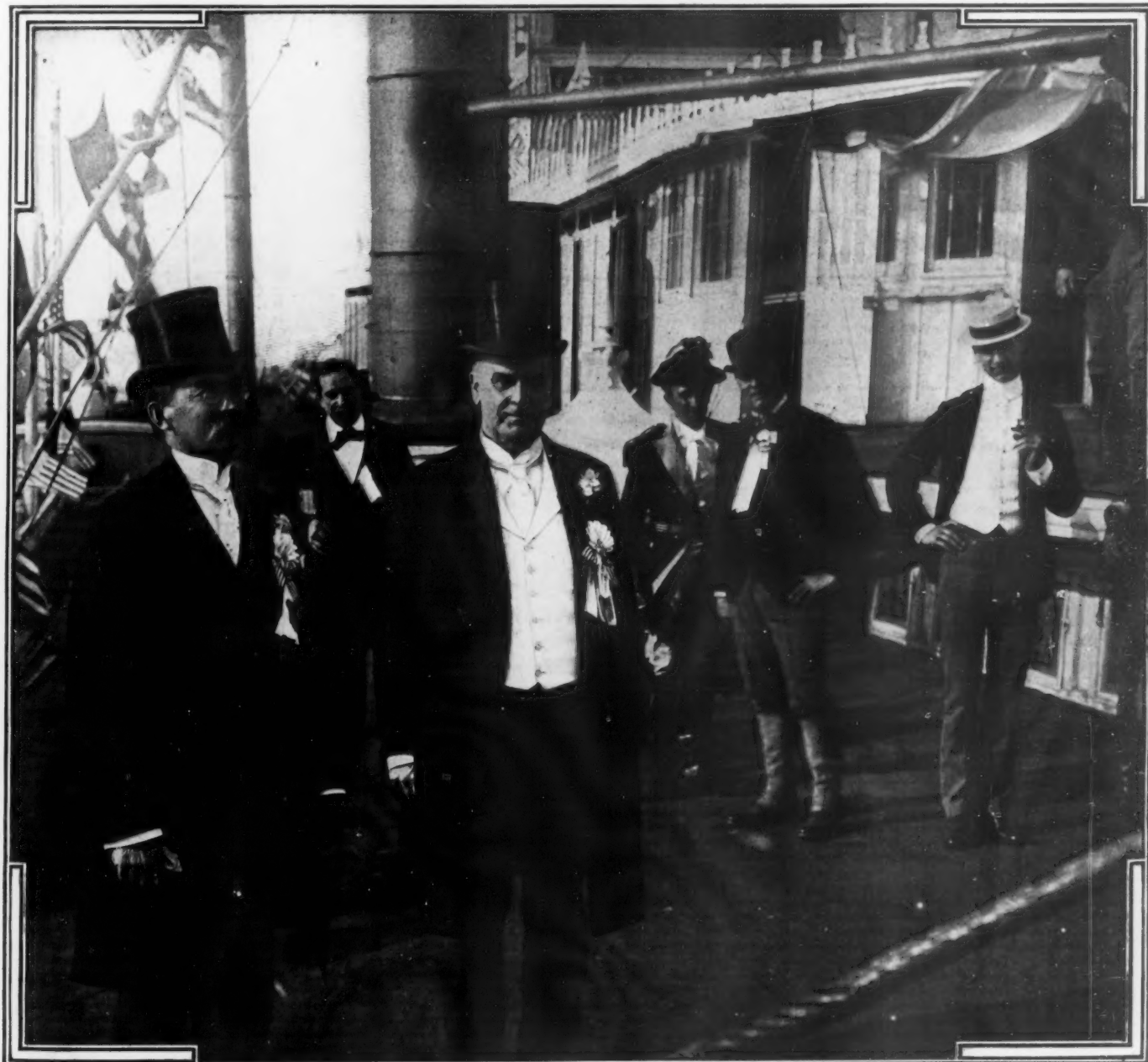


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NEW YORK MAY 25 1901

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS NEW ORLEANS GUARD OF HONOR ON A MISSISSIPPI PACKET, RECEIVING A REMARKABLE OVATION FROM THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO LINED THE LEVEES ALONG EACH BANK.— (See "A Diary of the Presidential Tour," next page)

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THE CHIEF EXECUTIVE TALKS TO THE DEMOCRATIC SOUTH—PRESIDENT McKINLEY SPEAKING TO AN IMMENSE THROG OF TEXANS

A DIARY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL TOUR

COMPILED FROM THE NOTES OF A CABINET OFFICER

Pictures by our Staff Photographer James H. Hare, by Special Permission on the President's Train

TUCSON, ARIZ., MONDAY, MAY 6.

"McKINLEY, you are all right, old boy; I am glad you have come, and blow me full of holes if I don't hope you will come again!"

This was the welcome of the West to the President of the United States. Mr. McKinley recognized that the style of greeting was typical of the young men of the "Rough Rider State"—for Arizona furnished one-third of the horsemen in Roosevelt's regiment. The citizen who voiced the sentiment of the West—and I have quoted his words for their sincerity of meaning rather than for their unique lack of elegance—was a cowpuncher and an ex-Rough Rider. He had climbed upon the rear platform of the car, and, as he uttered his good wishes, Mr. McKinley grasped his hand, smiled and thanked him.

This was at Bowie, Arizona, our second stop after leaving El Paso. Another cowpuncher in the crowd at the station cried: "Glad to see you, Bill; but I'll be hanged if you ain't got a soft snap of a job!" And then he allowed his eyes to travel significantly the length of the Pullman train.

We began our 1,500 mile journey from El Paso to San Francisco at noon, Monday. The three hundred mile ride to this little town, Tucson, was by no means free from the general discomforts that follow the traveller across the desert. It was monotonous, wearisome. On these alkali plains, for miles at a time not a green thing, not a single blade of grass or a leaf, could be seen. The scene made me think of stories I have read of India in time of drought and famine. It was not merely warm, it was hot. The heat smote the mouth, as it were, and made the breath come, sometimes, in gasps, as when one gets a whiff of hot air as it comes from a furnace. Mrs. McKinley and the other ladies of the party, especially, found the heat, the dry atmosphere and the flying sand sources of inconvenience. If we closed our car windows, we experienced a suffocating sensation; if we opened the windows, the sand drifted in, filling ears, nostrils and mouth, causing everybody to cough and sneeze and making the hair gritty. One of our fellow-travellers was so unfortunate as to have a cinder as a lodger in his eye, all the way from Benson to Tucson, a distance of forty-nine miles. Some of us tried to dispossess the lodger, but in vain. At Tucson, an eye-stone was successfully pressed into service. The President, meantime, has been the most cheerful member of the party. After his Sabbath rest at El Paso he is greatly refreshed, and is to-day in as good health and spirits as when he left Washington.

The four cases, as we might say, in this Sahara, were Deming, N. M., Bowie, Wilcox and Benson, Ariz. At each of these places the train stopped, and the people looked wonderfully thrifty and happy, despite the fact that their towns

are in the very heart of the desert. At Deming, the President was met by the Governor of Arizona and several of the Territorial officials of New Mexico and two thousand citizens. "All you seem to need out here is rain," said the President, in a brief speech. "Please, sir," piped a little girl in the front rank of the crowd, "we want Statehood."

In the desert the most expensive form of celebration is the burning of wood; that is why I consider the two huge bonfires lighted in honor of the President at Wilcox worthy of mention. I noticed that the people watched the flames with somewhat the same degree of awe that an Easterner would watch a fountain gushing with champagne.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., TUESDAY, MAY 7.

The first accident to the Presidential train happened last night, as we came down the steep mountain grade toward Phoenix. It was about two A.M., and everybody save the trainmen was sound asleep, when suddenly there was a jolt, a grinding of brakes, and then a dead stop. Such is the confidence placed in the crew, however, that though we are all now awake, no one feels any uneasiness, no one thinks it worth while to dress in order to learn the cause of the shock and the stop. Comfortable between sheets ourselves, we can hear our faithful trainmen hurrying by the car windows. One is giving orders in a low tone. One member of our party, after all, is out of bed. I hear the voice of the ever-restless, indefatigable private secretary to the President, Mr. Cortelyou. He is directing one of the telegraphers to tap the wire and send a message to Phoenix explaining why we will arrive late. The mishap to the train, it seems, will cause only a half hour's delay.

On the steep grade, two colossal engines were necessary to hold the heavy train back; and, like a sturdy team, hill-trained, they performed their work well until a sudden application of the air-brake loosened the tire of one of the driving-wheels. As soon as the wheel is repaired we will drop on down the mountain. What and who caused the sudden application of the air-brake? A young man in one of the rear cars awoke about 1.30 and detected an odor which he recognized as one which could come only from a hot box. He was in an upper berth at the end of the car. The lever of the air-brake was within reach. "Don't touch this cord except in case of accident," read the sign. He reflected, Should he take the responsibility of bringing this Government on Wheels to an alarmingly sudden stop? He took this chance—he pulled down the cord—and that young man's prompt action deserves mention in the history of this tour. He may have averted a serious disaster.

Arrived at Phoenix, a company of Rough Riders and mem-

bers of other organizations escorted the President and his party through the principal streets, in full view of the great irrigation works for which this section of Arizona is noted. At the capitol building a picturesque throng had assembled—citizens of the town, Indians from nearby reservations, cowboys and miners. "You need a few more people," said the President in his address; "and nothing helps immigration like irrigation. When we were constrained reluctantly to go to war with Spain," he added, "and the call was made for volunteers, it was in this Territory that the first response was made. You gave us the Rough Riders. And here, by the noble women of Phoenix, was made the flag that first floated over a Spanish fort in Cuba."

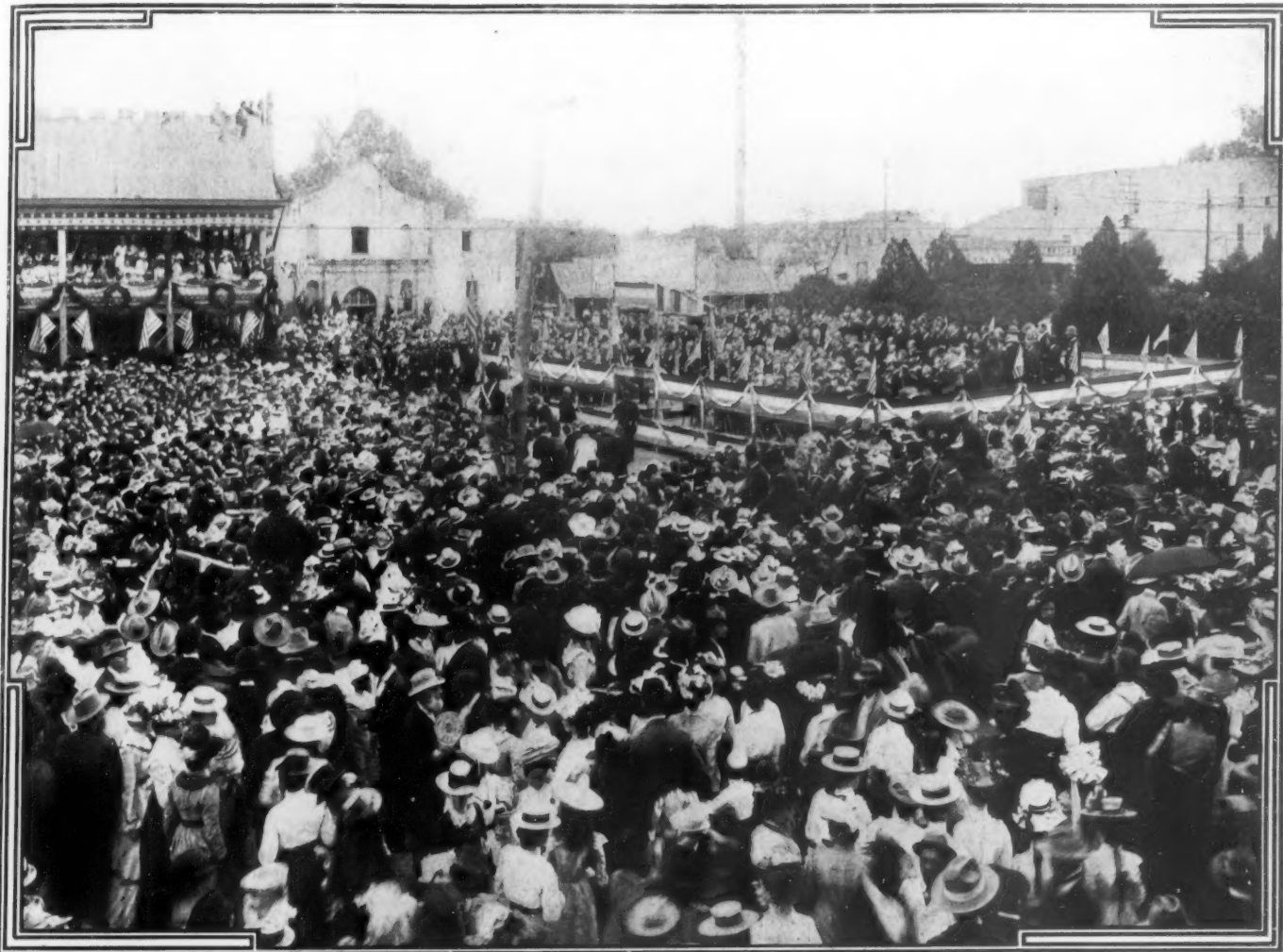
For this city of the desert, this was a notably large gathering—but I am bound to remember that nowhere along the route in the South has the President received such an ovation as that extended to him by the vast concourse of people from New Orleans, which lined the levees all along the shore, during his ride up and down the Mississippi on the river packet.

REDLANDS, CAL., WEDNESDAY, MAY 8.

Many things have surprised us on this trip. None more so, perhaps, than the extraordinary vitality and perpetual good-nature shown by the President under very often most trying circumstances. He has shown, too, most remarkable powers of physical endurance. Although we are travelling under the most delightful auspices, and nothing could be contrived to make our journey more comfortable, still it is fatiguing to travel night and day for several thousand miles. To this must be added the constant strain under which the President labors in being forced to make speeches, attend banquets and review parades.

Almost every day since we left Washington the President has been the last to go to bed and the first to rise. During the intervening hours he has addressed thousands of people and has been practically on show every hour of the day. It is a trying role to play.

The President is always considerate, always good-natured, always happy. He rises each morning apparently refreshed, facing life with a smiling face. I think this is one of the chief secrets of the President's success. His disposition is naturally kind. He wants to make every one around him happy. He has cultivated perfect self-control. He never gets excited, but he is restless. To-day, perhaps for the sake of the exercise, he walked up and down his car for an hour or more, pacing back and forth with deliberate strides, like a captain on the quarter-deck of a ship. He was as restless mentally as physically. He called in a stenographer, and, while still pacing, dictated—of course I cannot say what.



ON THE HISTORIC PLAZA ALAMO, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—AN ENTHUSIASTIC CONCOURSE OF REPRESENTATIVE SOUTHERNERS

He is a magnificent illustration of the good effect of not worrying. He does not permit himself to worry about trifles. He takes things as they come, and generally contrives to see life from the bright side. A trip of this kind is rather a test of character; if a person is inclined to "fuss" there are plenty of opportunities presented. The members of the Presidential party are a happy family. I do not think there ever was a Cabinet whose members pulled together so well, or among whom such close personal relations exist. Much of this is due to the President's influence and example. He is always watching to round off sharp corners; he is always thinking whether he can do anything to add to his comfort.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., MAY 9

While this is in no sense a political trip, the political side is nevertheless an interesting subject of legitimate comment. Against our will politics have several times been introduced, not by the President or any member of the Cabinet, but by the people. It was noteworthy that in the South, in the very citadel of Democracy, we found so many men who openly said there was practically no difference of opinion among them and us. We found the South to be unmistakably for expansion. That is quite natural, because the South has commodities to sell in the Far East, and expansion means the opening of new and profitable markets to our people. The bogey of "imperialism" is a bogey only. It frightens no intelligent man. The South is more prosperous to-day than it has been before in its history. It knows that prosperity is due to the McKinley Administration, and with an extension of our trade in the Philippines and China, it sees still better times ahead. What we saw at Austin, where the President spoke on historic ground to an attentive and respectful multitude of Democratic Texans, assured us of the place held by the Chief Executive in the hearts of the Southern people.

The visit of Governor Ahumada of Chihuahua to El Paso produced a dramatic scene which will long be remembered. Some members of the party were entertained at a banquet at which all the Mexican officials who had come to El Paso to meet Mr. McKinley were present. Postmaster-General Smith, who was the orator of the evening, and who made a superb speech, referred in the course of his remarks to the friendly relations which exist between the two republics, expressed the hope that they would always continue cordial, and extended a warm welcome to Governor Ahumada, who was sitting on his right. The Governor immediately grasped it, and all present at once arose to their feet. It was apparent that something more than conventionality had dictated the words which Mr. Smith so eloquently expressed. Where nations border upon each other, customs regulations and other matters of administrative detail frequently cause friction. We have had our little diplomatic disagreements with Mexico; therefore, anything which brings the two nations together, anything which makes each understand the character of the other, is to the advantage of both countries.

At El Paso, too, Governor Ahumada visited the President, and in the course of conversation told Mr. McKinley that he had a son at school in Poughkeepsie. The President said he hoped that the next time the Governor visited his son he would extend his journey to Washington and be his guest at the White House. It was a tactful and gracious thing for the President to do, and it is quite certain the Governor appreci-

ated the compliment, and will always entertain the kindest feelings for the President.

Another equally gracious thing the President did—in Los Angeles this time—was to call upon Mrs. Fremont, the aged widow of the "Pathfinder," who was the first candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. In showing this courtesy Mrs. McKinley and the members of the Cabinet accompanied the President. Perhaps nothing could have been devised to give more pleasure to this interesting and charming old lady than the simple call of the President.

MONTEREY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 11.

If space permitted, one could write at length of the wonders of this marvellous California, which the majority of the members of our party are seeing for the first time. One might exhaust all the adjectives and still not do the subject justice. The scene at Redlands, a few days ago, no one will ever forget. After travelling for hours through a practically barren country, and then to suddenly find one's self in a garden of roses, was a transition so startling that it at first seemed unreal.

Equally beautiful was the Los Angeles fiesta. One cannot adequately describe it, because one cannot reproduce the "atmosphere," the color, the symphony of flowers and beautiful women, and the artistic decorations generally which went to make up the chromatic whole.

I have been asked several times by the newspaper men travelling with us whether the President prepared beforehand the speeches which he has delivered at various points. With only a few exceptions, no speech has been written in advance. He has merely blocked out in a general way what he intended to say. Words framed themselves into sentences as he stood on his feet. The fact that up to the present time the President has made some forty-five speeches, each different from all the others, shows perhaps better than anything else his readiness and how quickly he thinks when on his feet.

It was somewhat of a shock to us to notice the openness with which gambling is carried on in Texas. You can gamble for anything, anywhere, and in anyway that may happen to suit your own particular weakness. In El Paso, hotels and saloons have signs, conspicuously displayed, announcing, "Policy is written here." Gambling, it seems, is neither a sin nor a crime in Texas.

But if you would see gambling at its worst—or best—cross the bridge which at El Paso divides the two republics, and there you may feast your eyes and empty your pocket-book. Go to the quaint old town of Juarez, which contains what is said to be the oldest church on the American continent, and, especially if it is Sunday, when a bull-fight is scheduled, you will see sights as startling as sad to eyes accustomed to regard gambling as one of the most dangerous of vices. You see not only men and women hazarding fortune, but you see also small children, who gamble for pennies, and win or lose as a matter of course.

At El Paso occurred an incident which has been kept "off the record" until now. It was unimportant, but interesting because amusing. Only one or two persons knew of the episode, and the principal himself was crestfallen over figuring as the victim of the fidelity of United States Customs officers.

To be explicit, one of our young men, on Sunday, crossed the bridge with a number of comrades, to witness the bull

fight in Juarez. While strolling through the town he bought a Mexican cigar. He smoked it, and became enamored of the cigar output of our sister republic, and so purchased a liberal quantity of that output. His companions bought cigars also. But they returned Sunday evening to El Paso, in a body, while our hero remained in Juarez overnight, delaying his return until a few minutes of noon. As he sauntered across the bridge, he flattered himself that he was in ample time to catch the Presidential train, as it was scheduled to leave at twelve o'clock, and he had still some minutes to spare.

As he stepped foot on American soil, however, an official stopped him, pointed to the boxes of cigars under his arm, and announced that the duty would be a few dollars. "But I have spent all my money," pleaded the young man. "Besides, I'm attached to the Presidential party."

"Well, say, young fellow," said the official, "you look like a decent sort. Just you leave the cigars, and when you send the money for the duty I'll forward them to you." Whereupon the young man thrust the cigars into the official's hands, and rushed for the train. But he had to borrow Mexican cigars all the way to San Francisco.

DEL MONTE, CAL., SUNDAY, MAY 12.

Instead of the quiet Sunday which the President had hoped to pass here, it has been a day of anxiety and unexpected activity. We are now—5 p.m.—a Presidential party without a President. Mr. McKinley has left us—for a few days at least—Mrs. McKinley's continued ill health being the cause of the sudden departure. With the President and his wife went Secretary and Mrs. Cortelyou, Dr. and Mrs. Rixey, and Henry T. Scott, who has placed his house in San Francisco at the disposal of the party.

Mrs. McKinley has been growing weaker each day since leaving New Orleans. Last night there was some alarm regarding her condition, and this morning the President decided to go with our First Lady to San Francisco, where she can rest for more than a week, and still not cause a change in the schedule of the trip beyond the Gate City.

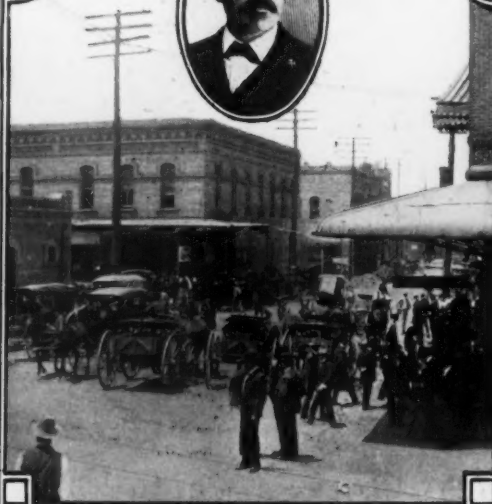
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., TUESDAY, MAY 14.

To-day the President received the city's formal welcome—he reviewed the parade and he stood on a platform for three hours this evening, in the Ferry Building, while 150,000 persons filed by, hundreds of them tossing him a carnation in passing. The flower was in lieu of a handshake, for Mr. McKinley simply could not shake hands with all, so he gave his hand to none.

We shall probably remain here till Monday, May 20; and meanwhile the President will have carried out the original purpose of this whole great trip by being present at the launching of the great battleship *Ohio*. Even if the tour then ends, it will have been a memorable one, filled with many pleasant experiences.

SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, MAY 16.

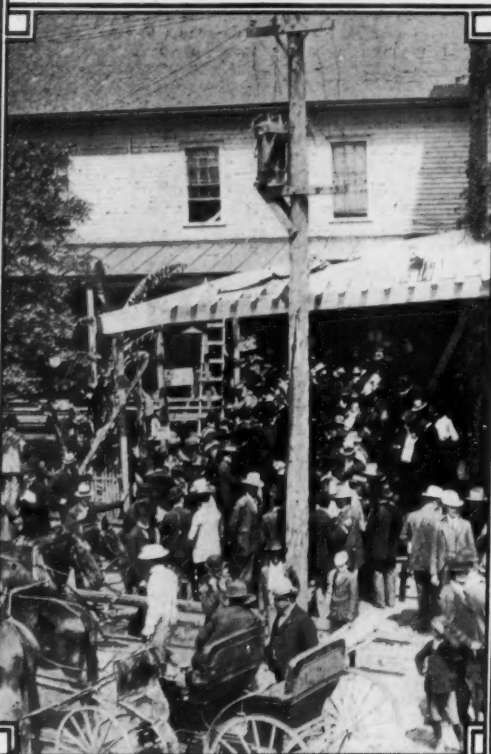
Mrs. McKinley's illness has taken a serious turn; she is unconscious part of the time; specialists are in consultation. The President has definitely decided to abandon the trip through the Northwest, and will return to Washington as soon as Mrs. McKinley can be moved. Gayety has been supplanted by grief.



A STREET SCENE AT BEAUMONT, TEXAS, BEFORE THE OIL FIND



HOW SPECTATORS CROWD TO THE OIL CITY OF BEAUMONT



CROWDS TRYING TO BREAK INTO THE BROKER'S OFFICE AT
THE CROSBY HOUSE, BEAUMONT



THE BEATTY WELL BLOWING OFF AND GUSHING
70,000 BARRELS PER DAY



THE NATIONAL OIL AND PIPE LINE COMPANY WELL,
SPOUTING 90 FEET IN THE AIR

TWO MONSTER SPOUTERS OF THE NEW OIL FIELDS AT BEAUMONT, TEXAS

(SEE PAGE 22)



FIRE SUFFERERS AT THE RELIEF STATION

BAY STREET FROM GOVERNMENT BUILDING (POST-OFFICE),
LOOKING SOUTHEAST

"MARTIAL LAW"

LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM GOVERNMENT BUILDING, SHOWING RUINS OF WINDSOR HOTEL AND RESIDENCES WEST
OF HOGAN AND NORTH OF ADAMS STREETS

MILITIA ON DUTY

THE GREAT FIRE CALAMITY AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

(SEE PAGE 23)

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W. BOURKE COCKRAN

PROSPERITY AND THE WORKINGMAN

By W. BOURKE COCKRAN

FORECAST OF THE STOCK BOOM

COLLIER'S WEEKLY asks for my views as to "combinations" or "trusts," and how they affect the man who works with his hands. Incidentally, I am asked to say what, in my opinion, is the influence of combinations, whether of capital or labor, upon the general prosperity of the country.

I cannot undertake to elaborate the views I have already expressed on these subjects, but if I may be permitted to refer to my platform utterances during the campaign last fall I will, on that condition, cheerfully comply with the editor's request.

I prophesied months ago that McKinley's election would boom stocks. But now, as then, I must affirm that I will not accept as my definition of prosperity a booming market, an opportunity for adroit promoters to dispose of questionable securities at fictitious prices.

LOADED DICE IN THE STOCK MARKET

Danger to our prosperity springs from the prevalence of fraud in corporate management. I do not insinuate that a majority of our corporations are fraudulently managed, but a number of them are managed solely for the purpose of plundering both the public and the stockholders; and these enterprises have so corrupted the financial system that they threaten the stability of our credit.

This machinery of fraud springs from the fact that the management of corporations is held to be a subject concerning only the management; the stockholders know no more about their property than strangers; the directors are equally ignorant; the only men who know anything about the actual property are a few of the managers. These men know that if an annual report discloses a favorable condition, stocks will go up; if they disclose an unfavorable condition, stocks will go down. They have it in their power to create the conditions that will suit their enterprises.

This is not trade; it is gambling. Nay, more; it is gambling with loaded dice. When a man loads dice he does not do it for the purpose of merely adding lead to ivory; if he loads dice, it is that he may be able to tell in advance of a throw whether a three or a five will turn up, while his adversary does not have that knowledge. When a man goes down to Wall Street and sells and buys stock, knowing in advance what the report of the corporation will disclose, he is gambling with loaded dice, for he knows in advance the condition that will determine the price.

SEARCHLIGHTS ON CORPORATIONS

The remedy of all the frauds growing out of corporate management is publicity. You need not look further back than the panic of 1893 and the corporate management which preceded it, to find cause for alarm. It is a story of trust betrayed, of stockholders plundered, of corporations wrecked by faithless officers until they were driven over the precipice of insolvency in a condition so rotten that their fall was almost noiseless.

Those engineers of ruin are walking the streets to-day, their heads high in the world of finance. Their misdeeds bring upon them no popular condemnation, because their operations have been shrouded in secrecy. To the best-informed, the story of their crimes is only partially known, to the vast mass of the people it is a sealed book.

Wherever we discover corporate abuse we find that it originates in secrecy, that it is developed and maintained in secrecy. Special favors could never be granted in the light of day. Misrepresentations would be useless if all the facts within the knowledge of corporate officers were imparted to the public. Fraud upon corporations by the directors would never be attempted, if their operations were conducted within full view of the stockholders and the public. Under the cloak of secrecy, stockholders have been robbed as extensively as the people have been oppressed. No man who seeks to render another a service fears the light of day. It is only the rogue who seeks the cover of darkness for his operations. Whenever any person seeks to lure you up a dark alleyway on the pretence that he wants to serve you, be sure that he means to cheat you. Do not parley with him for a moment. Call a policeman on the spot, if you want to preserve your property and your character.

WAGES THE REAL TEST OF PROSPERITY

The Democratic idea of prosperity has to do directly with the man who works; it is something which I might define as an abundance of commodities fairly distributed among those

who produce them. It means more clothes and more shoes with better and healthier bodies inside of them. It means more houses and better-fed families occupying them. It means more schools and wider instruction imparted to the youth that attend them. It means more hospitals and better service to the sick who suffer in them. It means more books and more leisure to read them. It means greater abundance of comforts and shorter hours of labor. And all this can be summed up in one word—wages.

There cannot be abundant production of commodities without an extensive distribution of them in the form of wages; therefore, to ascertain the effect of any industrial system upon the condition of a country we must examine its effect on wages.

I say the condition of the laborer in any country is an infallible test of its prosperity, because wages, being that part of his own product which the laborer receives in compensation for his toil, it is plain that the more he produces, the greater the fund from which he draws his compensation.

If a laborer engaged in making chairs produces five chairs, worth twenty dollars, every day, and his wages be four dollars a day, the rate of his compensation is equivalent to one-fifth of his product.

If by an increase in his own efficiency, by a better system of organization, that laborer produced ten chairs every day instead of five, and his wages were still a fifth of his product, he would receive two chairs or eight dollars a day. The difference between the larger product and the amount of his wages being thirty-two dollars, while the difference between the smaller product and his wages was but sixteen dollars, it is clear that the more highly he is paid the greater the profit of his employer. This explains why those industries are the most prosperous in which the highest rate of wages prevails.

An extensive demand for labor always causes a high rate of wages, and that is what I meant when I said in the beginning that there cannot be abundant production of commodities without an extensive distribution in the form of wages.

GOOD MONOPOLIES AS WELL AS BAD

It must follow, therefore, that any industrial organization which operates to swell the volume of production should be commended, and any that operates to restrict it should be condemned. Call such industrial organizations trusts, if you will, or monopolies, or combinations—but, for my part, I could never understand why a sensible man should grow excited either to approval or resentment over a combination as such. A combination may be good or bad, according to its effect. A combination for prayer is a church. All good men would subscribe to the success of it. A combination for burglary is a conspiracy. All good men would call out the police to prevent it.

When a "monopoly" is one of government favor, I am opposed to it; when a "monopoly" is one of excellence, I approve it. For there is a serious form of government interference with trade which I think has had a wide influence in promoting industrial combinations. I refer to favors extended to certain industries by corporations exercising public franchises. I call this form of discrimination government favor, because these corporations are agencies of the government, although their stocks are owned by private individuals.

No person can enjoy a favor at the hands of any company exercising a public franchise except at the expense of another. It is clear that if one person obtain rates of transportation unusually favorable, if his goods be transported for less than the service costs, other men using the same means of transportation must make good the loss. Discrimination of this character is destructive of free competition. Therefore, I repeat, to monopoly dependent upon government favor in any shape or form I am firmly opposed.

MONOPOLY OF EXCELLENCE A GOOD THING

But when we come to consider an industrial organization which dominates the market not through government favor but through the cheapness of its product, through excellence, we are face to face with a force in production which is of a radically opposite character. Any form of industrial organization which cheapens a commodity necessary to my comfort commends itself to my approval. I confess that I would rather pay forty dollars for a good suit of clothes to a large industrial organization than fifty dollars for an inferior suit of clothes to an individual dealer. I am so constituted that I prefer good service to bad service, and I cannot quarrel with any organization or system which improves my condition, even though you call it a monopoly.

As a matter of fact, however, I do not believe there is an organization doing business in this country without government favor which can be called a monopoly, in any fair interpretation of that term. The Standard Oil Company, which is generally deemed a monopoly, supplies only about 62 per cent of all the oil consumed in this country. Such concerns have been described as "partial monopolies." I am unable to understand that term. A "partial monopoly" is about as intelligible as a "partial whole."

It seems to me, corporations of this character would be better described as dominating industrial enterprises than as monopolies. Each may be said to dominate the market for its product, because, although it does not furnish the total amount consumed, it does furnish the larger proportion of it.

TRUSTS THE LARGEST EMPLOYERS

It is objected to the great industrial combinations which dominate the market through the cheapness of their products, that their success in serving the public operates to throw men out of employment. To this there are two answers. First, it is not true; and, in the second place, if the statement were true, it would not be a sufficient reason for suppressing an industrial development of great benefit to the body of the community that it worked hardship to a few individuals. The man who says that any system of organization deprives him of employment because he cannot compete with it successfully admits that somebody else can perform his job better than he can, and if that be so he should be ready to surrender it.

It is said that these combinations of capital have been so effective that thirty-five thousand commercial travellers are no longer necessary to the sale of commodities. We have no evidence that this is true.

As a matter of fact, industrial organizations which increase production have never thrown anybody out of employment even for an hour, and, in the nature of things, they never can. Production has never been increased without increasing the number of hands engaged in it, and to increase the number of laborers cannot operate to throw any one out of employment.

A period of industrial transition is always a period of apprehension, vociferously expressed but never realized. While the substitution of steam for hand labor was impending, loud lamentations were heard on all sides from laborers who believed that it meant their ruin. After it had been effected, nobody was found to be injured and everybody realized that he had been benefited.

Therefore, I take leave to doubt the statement that thirty-five thousand commercial travellers have been reduced to idleness by increased efficiency in business management. The object of consolidating corporations must be to increase sales. But an increase of sales involves an increase in salesmen, and as these commercial travellers are considered the best salesmen, they will be the first beneficiaries of the change.

UNIONS NOTHING TO DO WITH WAGES

Any discussion of wages would be incomplete which did not embrace the effect of Trades Unions on industry. Labor unions, in my judgment, have no direct effect whatever upon the rate of wages. The standard of wages is fixed by two forces acting on each other—the competition of laborers for employment operating to make wages lower, and the competition of capital for profit operating to make wages higher. It may seem strange to many, but it is nevertheless true that the competition of capital for profit is keener than the competition of laborers for employment because it is easier and cheaper for capital to move from place to place in search of higher profit than for a laborer to seek a field of higher wages.

It would cost a laborer at least fifteen dollars to move from Chicago to New York, but you can send millions of dollars from Chicago to Hong Kong for a postage stamp. It would take a laborer two days to go from here to Boston, but you send any amount of capital to the other side of the globe in an instant by a cable despatch. Moreover, capital has no family affections; it is indifferent to climate; all languages are alike to it. But the laborer has domestic ties deeply implanted in the fibres of his being which none but very powerful motives can induce him to disturb. It is doubtful if a difference of 15 per cent in the rate of wages would be enough to cause a movement of laborers from Chicago to New York, but a difference of an eighth of 1 per cent in the rate of interest would start capital all round the world.



The Master-Mechanic's Story, DELAAROO BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—IN PUBLISHING "DELAAROO" WE GIVE OUR READERS THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES WRITTEN BY MR. FRANK H. SPEARMAN FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY." IN HIS MAGAZINE STORIES AND HIS BOOK, "THE NERVE OF FOLEY," MR. SPEARMAN HAS PRESENTED THE PERILS, PATHOS AND HUMOR OF THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN. THE STORIES ABOUT TO BE PUBLISHED ARE IN HIS BEST VEIN, AND FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBRIDGE



YOU TELL IT. I can't tell it," growled Neighbor.
"Oh, no. No. That's your story, Neighbor."
"I ain't no story-teller—"
"Just an able-bodied liar," suggested Callahan through a benevolent bluish haze.
"Delaroo's story wasn't any lie, though," muttered Neighbor. "But a fellow would think it was to hear it; now he would, for a fact, wouldn't he?"

I

If you want him, quick and short, it would be: whiskers, secret societies, statistics and plug tobacco—the latter mostly worked up. That was Maje Sampson.

Bluntly, a wind-bag; two hundred and seventy pounds of atmosphere. Up on benevolent fraternities, up on politics, up on the money question, up on everything. The Seven financial conspiracies engaged Maje Sampson's attention pretty continually, and had for him a practical application; there were never less than seven conspiracies afoot in Medicine Bend to make Maje Sampson pay up.

Pay? Indeed, he did pay. He was always paying. It was not a question of paying. Not at all. It was a question of paying up—which is different.

The children—they were brickbats. Tow-headed, putty-faced, wash-eyed youngsters of all sizes and conditions. About Maje Sampson's children there was but one distinguishing characteristic—they were all boys—nothing but boys—and they spread all over town. Was there a baby run over? It was Maje Sampson's. Was there a child lost? Maje Sampson's. Was there a violently large-headed, coarse-featured, hangdog, clattering sort of a chap anywhere around? In the street, depot, roundhouse, yards, stock pens? It was a brickbat—sure—of Maje Sampson's brickbat boys.

The Sampsons lived up at the end of the street, and the end of the street was up the mountain. Maje Sampson's lot, "raired," as Neighbor put it—stood on its hind legs. His house had a startling tumble-over-on-you aspect as you approached it. The back end of his lot ran up into the sheer, but he marked the line sharply by a kind of horizontal fence, because the cliff just above belonged to the corporation which owned everything else on earth around Medicine Bend.

Maje Sampson did not propose to let any grasping corporation encroach on his lines, so he built, and added to from time to time, a cluster of things on the hind end of his lot—an eruption of small buildings like pimples on a boy's nose, running down in size from the barn to the last drygoods box the boys had heaved up the slope for a dog house. To add to the variety some one of the structures was always getting away in the wind, and if anything smaller than a hotel was seen careening cross-lots in a Medicine Bend breeze it was spotted without further investigation as Maje Sampson's. When the gale abated, Joe McBracken, who conducted the local dray line, was pretty sure to be seen with a henhouse or a woodshed or something likewise loaded on his trucks headed for Maje Sampson's. Once the whole lean-to of the house blew off, but Joe McBracken stood ready for any emergency. He met the maverick addition at the foot of the grade, loaded it on his house-moving truck, hitched on four bronchos, crawled inside the structure, and getting the lines through the front window, drove up Main Street before the wind had gone down. Joe was photographed in the act, and afterward used the exhibit in getting judgment against Maje Sampson for his fall.

Now a man like Maje wouldn't be likely to have very much of a run nor very much of an engine. He had the 264; an old pop bottle with a stack like a tepee turned upside down. For a run he always had trains number 29 and 30, the local freights, with an accommodation coach, east of Anderson. There were times of stress frequently on the West End—times when everybody ran first in first out—except Maje Sampson; he always ran 29 and 30 west to Silver River and back. A puffing, cheap, jerk-water run with no rights to speak of, not even against respectable hand-cars. The only things Maje Sampson did not have to dodge were trunks, blanket Indians and telegraph poles; everything else side-traced 29 and 30 and Maje Sampson. Almost everybody on through trains must at some time have seen Maje Sampson puffing on siding as Moore or Oyster shot by on number 1 or number 2. Maje was so big and his cab so little that when he got his head through the window you couldn't see very much of the cab for shoulders and whiskers and things. From the cab window he looked like a fourteen-year-old boy springing out

of a ten-year-old jacket. Three things only made Maje tolerable. First, the number of benevolent orders he belonged to; second, Delaroo; third, Martie.

Maje Sampson was a joiner and a sifter up. He would join anything on the West End that had a ritual, a grip and a password, and he would sit up night after night with anybody that had a broken leg or a fever; and if nothing better offered, Maje, rather than go to bed, would tackle a man with the stomachache. This kind of took-the cuss off; but he was that peculiar he would sit up all night with a sick man and next day make everybody sick talking the money question—at least everybody but Delaroo. If Delaroo was bored he never showed it. As long as Maje would talk Delaroo would listen. That single word was, in fact, the key to Delaroo: Delaroo was a listener; for that reason nobody knew much about him.

He wasn't a railroad man by birth, but by adoption. Nearly every one in the engine service came from the Burlington or from the Pennsylvania or the Reading; but Delaroo came from the mountains; he was just a plain mountain man. Some said his father was a trapper; if so, it explained everything—the quiet, the head bent inquiringly forward, the modest unobtrusiveness of a man deaf. Of a size and shape nothing remarkable, Delaroo—but a great listener, for though he looked like a deaf man he heard like a despatcher, and saw marvelously from out the ends of his silent eyes. Delaroo for all the world was a trapper.

He came into the service as a roundhouse sweeper; then Neighbor, after a long time, put him at wiping. Delaroo said nothing but wiped for years and years, and was in a fair way to become liked, when, instead, he became one morning pitted with umbilical vesicles, and the doctors, with Delaroo's brevity, said smallpox. The boarding house keeper threw him out bodily and at once. Having no better place to go, Delaroo wandered into Steve Boyer's saloon, where he was generally welcome. Steve, however, pointed a hospitable gun at him and suggested his getting away immediately from the front end of it. Delaroo went from there to the roundhouse with his umbilicals, and asked Neighbor what a man with the smallpox ought to do with it. Neighbor wouldn't run, not even from the smallpox—but he told Delaroo what it meant to get the smallpox started in the roundhouse, and Delaroo wandered quietly away from the depot grounds, a pretty sick man then, staggered up the yards, and crawled stupid into a box car to die without embarrassing anybody.

By some hook or crook—nobody to this day knows how—that car was switched on to Maje Sampson's train when it was made up that day for the West. Maybe it was done as a trick to scare the wind-bag engineer. If so, the idea was successful. When the hind-end brakeman at the second stop came forward and reported a tramp with the smallpox in the empty box car, Maje was angry. But his curiosity gradually got the upper hand. This man might be, by some distant chance, he reflected, a P. Q. W. of A., or a frater, or a fellow, or a knight or something like—and when they stopped again to throw off crackers and beer and catsup, Maje went back and entered the infected car like a lion tamer to try lodge signals and things on him. Maje advanced and gave the countersign—but it was not cordially received. He tried another and another—and another; but his passes were lost in the air. The smallpox man appeared totally unable to come back at Maje with anything. He was not only delirious, but by this time so frightfully broken out that Maje couldn't have touched a sound spot with a Masonic signal of distress. Finally the venturesome engineer walked closer into the dark corner where the sick man lay—and by Heaven! it was the Indian wiper, Delaroo.

When Maje Sampson got back into the cab he could not speak—at least not for publication. He was tearing mad, and just sputtered, like a safety. He gathered up his cushion and a water bottle and a bottle that would explode if water touched it, and crawled with his plunder up into the box car. He straightened Delaroo up and out and gave him a drink, and by way of sanitary precaution took one personally, for he himself had never had the smallpox but once. When he had done this little for Delaroo he finished his run and came back to the Bend hauling his pest-house box car. The fireman quit the cab immediately after Maje exposed himself; the conductor communicated with him only by signals. The Anderson operator wired ahead that Maje Sampson was bringing back a man with smallpox on 30, and when Maje, bulging out of the 264 cab, pulled into the division yard nobody would come within a mile of him. He set out the box car below the stock pens, cross-lots from his house up on the hill, and not being able to get advice from anybody else, went home to consult Martie.

Though there were a great many women in Medicine Bend, Maje Sampson looked to but one—Martie—the little washed-out woman up at Sampson's—wife, mother, nurse, cook, slave—Martie.

No particular color hair; no particular color eyes; no particular color gown; no particular cut to it. A plain bit of a woman, mother of six boys, large and small, and wife of a great big wind-bag engineer, big as three of her by actual measurement. By the time Maje had taken counsel and walked down town prominent business men were fending off his approach with shotguns. The city marshal from behind a bomb-proof asked what he was going to do with his patient, and Maje retorted he was going to take him home. He wasn't a M. R. W. of T. nor a P. S. G. of W. E., but he was a roundhouse man, and between Maje and a railroad man, a wiper even, there was a bond stronger than grip or password or jolly business of any kind. The other things Maje, without realizing it, merely played at; but as to the railroad lay—if a railroad man was the right sort he could borrow anything the big fellow had—money, plug tobacco, pipe, water bottle, strong bottle—it made no odds what. And, on the other hand, Maje wouldn't hesitate to borrow any or all of these things in return; the railroad man who got ahead of Maje Sampson in this respect had claims to be considered a past grand in the business.

So this day the doughty engineer lifted and dragged and hauled Delaroo home with him. If there was no hospital, Martie had said, no pest house, no nothing, just bring him home. They had all had the smallpox up at Sampson's except the baby, and the doctor had lately said the baby appeared to need something. They had really everything up at Sampson's sooner or later: measles, diphtheria, croup—everything on earth except money. And Martie Sampson, with the washing and mending and scrubbing and cooking, nursed the out-cast wiper through his smallpox. The baby took it, of course, and Martie nursed the baby through and went on just the same as before—washing, mending, cooking, scrubbing. Delaroo when he got well went to fring; Neighbor offered the job as a kind of consolation prize; and he went to fring on the 264 for Maje Sampson.

It was then that Maje took Delaroo fairly in hand and showed him the unspeakable folly of trying to get through the world without the comradeship and benefits of the B. S. L. of U., and the fraters of the order of the double-barrelled star of MacDuff. Delaroo caught a good deal of it on the sidings, where they lay most of their time dodging first-class trains; and evenings when they got in from their runs Delaroo, having nowhere else to go, used to wander, after supper, up to Sampson's. At Sampson's he would sit in the shade of the lamp and smoke while Maje, in his shirt-sleeves, held forth on the benevolent orders, and one boy crawled through the bowels of the organ and another pulled off the tablecloth—Delaroo always saving the lamp—and a third harassed the dog, and a fourth stuck pins in a fifth—and Martie, sitting on the dim side of the shade, so the operation would not appear too glaring, mended at Maje's mammoth pants.

Delaroo would sit and listen to Maje and watch the heave of the organ with the boy, and the current of the tablecloth with the lamp, and the quarter in which the dog was chewing the baby, and watch Martie's perpetual-motion fingers for a whole evening, and go back to the boarding-house without passing a word with anybody on earth, he was that silent.

In this way the big, bluffing engineer gradually worked Delaroo into all the secret benevolent orders in Medicine Bend—that meant pretty much everything on earth. There arose always, however, in connection with the initiations of Delaroo one hitch: he never seemed quite to know whom he wanted to leave his insurance money to. He could go the most complicated catechism without a hitch every time—for Maje spent weeks on the sidings drilling him—until it came to naming the beneficiary; there he stuck. Nobody could get out of him to whom he wanted his money to go.

Had he no relations back in the mountains? Nobody up in the Spider country? No wives or daughters or fathers or mothers or friends or anything? Delaroo always shook his head. If they persisted—he shook his head. Maje Sampson, sitting after supper, would ask, and Martie, after the dishes were side-tracked, would begin to sew and listen, and Delaroo, of course, would listen, but never by any chance would he answer; not even when Maje tried to explain how it bore on 16 to 1. He declined to name any beneficiary whatsoever; or, rather, he didn't even decline; he simply didn't name any. The right honorable recording secretaries fumed and denounced it as irregular, and Maje Sampson wore holes in his elbows gesticulating, but in the matter of distributing his share of the unearned increment, Delaroo expressed no preference whatsoever. He paid his dues; he made his

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No. 1

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knows the refreshing, invigorating, soothing and cleansing effects of

Parker's Tar Soap

in all exhausted, overheated and aching conditions.

INDISPENSABLE TO TRAVELERS.

cases; he sat in his place—what more could be required? If they put him in a post of honor he filled it with a silent dignity. If they set him to guard the outer portal he guarded well; it was perilous rather for a visiting frater of even a local brother to try getting past Delaroo if he was rusty in the ritual. Not Maje Sampson himself could work the outer guard without co-sponsors; if he forgot it in the hurry of getting to lodge he had to cool his heels in the outer air till it came back; Delaroo was pitiless.

In the cab he was as taciturn as he was in the lodge or under the kerosene lamp at Sampson's; he just listened. But his being was above any man's who ever stoked the 264. Delaroo made more steam on less coal than any man in the enginehouse. Neighbor began to hold him up as a model for the division, and the boys found that the way to jolly Neighbor was to say nice things about Delaroo. The head of the motive power would brighten on a sulk at the mention of Delaroo's name, and after a while he fixed up a surprise for the Indian man. One night after Delaroo came in, Neighbor, in the bluff way he liked to use in promoting a man, told Delaroo he could have an engine; a good one, one of the K. class; as much finer a machine than the old 264 as Duffy's chronometer was than a prize package watch. Delaroo never said ay, yes, or no; he simply listened. Neighbor never had a promotion received in just that way; it nearly gave him the apoplexy.

But if Delaroo treated the proposal coolly, not so Maje Sampson; when the news of the offer reached him, Maje went into a most unaccountable flutter. He acted at first exactly as if he wanted to hold his man back, which was dead against cab ethics. Finally he assented, but his cheeks went flabby and his eyes hollow, and he showed more worry than his creditors. Nobody understood it, but there was evidently something on, and the Major's anxiety increased until Delaroo, the Indian fireman and knight companion of the Ancient Order of Druids and Fluids, completely took Neighbor's breath by declining the new engine. That was a West End wonder. He said he would stay on the 264 if it made no odds. The men all wondered; then something new came up and the thing was forgotten. Maje Sampson's cheeks filled out again, he regained his usual nerve, and swore on the money question harder than ever.

After that it was pretty generally understood that Delaroo and Maje Sampson and the 264 were fixtures. Neighbor never gave any one a chance to decline an engine more than once. The boys all knew, if Delaroo didn't, that he would be firing a long while after throwing that chance by; and he was. The combination came to be regarded as eternal. When the sloppy 264 hove in sight, little Delaroo and big Maje Sampson were known to be behind the boiler pounding up and down the mountains, up and down, year in and year out. Big engines came into the division and bigger. All the time the division was crowding on the motive power and putting in the mammoth types, until, when the 264 was stalled alongside a Consolidated, or a Mogul Skyscraper, she looked like an ancient beer glass set next an imported stein.

With the 264, when the 1200 or the 1400 were concerned, it was simply a case of keep out of our way or get smashed, Maje Sampson or no Maje Sampson, money question or no money question. Benevolent benefits fraternally proposed or anteroom signals confidentially put forth by the bald-headed 264 were of no sort of consequence with the modern giants that pulled a thousand tons in a string up a two-thousand-foot grade at better than twenty miles an hour. It was a clear yet cold, you old tub, get out of our way, will you? And the fast runners, like Moore and Hawksworth and Mullen and the Crowleys, Tim and Syme, had about as much consideration for Maje and his financial theories as their machines had for his engine. His jim-crow freight outfit didn't cut much of a figure in their track schedules.

So the Maje Sampson combination, but quite as brassy as though they had had rights of the first class, dodged the big fellows up and down the line pretty successfully until the gov-

ernment began pushing troops into the Philippines, and there came days when a Rocky Mountain sheep could hardly have kept out of the way of the extras that tore, hissing and booming, over the mountains for Frisco. For a time the traffic came hot; so hot that we were pressed to handle it. There was a good bit of skirmishing on the part of the passenger department to get the business, and then tremendous skirmishing in the operating department to deliver the goods. Every broken-down coach in the backyards was scrubbed up for the soldier trains. We aimed to kill just as few as possible of the boys en route to the islands, though that may have been a mistaken mercy. However, we handled them well; not a man in khaki got away from us in a wreck, and in the height of the push we put more live stock into South Omaha, car for car, than has ever gone in before or since.

It was November, and great weather for running, and when the rails were not springing under the soldiers westbound, they were humming under the steers eastbound. Maje Sampson, with his beer kegs and his crackers and his 264 and his be-knighted fireman, hugged the sidings pretty close that week. Some of the trains had part of the rights and others had the remainder. The 264 and her train took what was left after everybody else was fixed out; which threw Maje Sampson most of the time on the worn-out, run-down, scrap rails that made corduroy roads of the passing tracks. Then came the night that Moulton, the Philippine commandant, went through on his special. With his staff and his baggage and his correspondents and that kind he took one whole train. Syme Crowley pulled them, with Ben Sherer, conductor, and whatever else may be said of that pair, they deliver their trains on time. Maje Sampson left Medicine Bend with 29 at noon on his regular run and tried to get west. But between the soldiers behind him and the steers against him, he soon lost every visionary right he ever did possess. They laid him out nearly every mile of the way to the end of the run. At Sugar Buttes they held him thirty minutes for the Moulton Special to pass him, and, to crown his indignities, kept him there fifteen minutes more waiting for an eastbound sheep train. Sampson afterward claimed that Barnes Tracy, the dispatcher who did it, was a Gold Democrat, but this was never proven.

It was nearing dark when the crew of local freight 29 heard the dull rumble of the Moulton Special speeding through the cañon of the Rat. A passenger train running the cañon at night comes through with the far roll of a thousand drums, deepening into a rumble of thunder. Then out and over all comes the threatening purr of the straining engine breaking into a storm of exhausts, until like a rocket the headlight bursts streaming from the black walls, and Moore on the 811, or Mullen with the 818, or Hawksworth in the 1010, tear with a fury of alkali and a sweep of noise over the Butte switch, past caboose and flats and boxes and the 264 like fading light. Just a sweep of darkened glass and dead varnish, a whirl of smoking trucks beating madly at the fishplates, and the fast train is up, and out, and gone!

29, local, was used to all this. Used to the vanishing tail lights, the measured sinking of the sullen dust, the silence brooding again over the desert with, this night, fifteen minutes more to wait for the eastbound stock extra before they dared open the switch. Maje Sampson killed the time by going back to the caboose to talk equities with the conductor. It was no trick for him to put away fifteen minutes discussing the rights of man with himself; and with an angel of a fireman to watch the cab—why not? The 264 standing on the siding was chewing her cud as sweet as an old cow, with maybe a hundred and forty pounds of steam to the right of the dial, maybe a hundred and fifty—I say maybe, because no one but Delaroo ever knew—when the sheep train whistled.

Sheep—nothing but sheep. Car after car after car, rattling down from the Short line behind two spanking big engines. They whistled, hoarse as pirates, for the Butte siding, and rising the hill two miles west of it, bore down

the grade, throwing Danah coal from both stacks like hydraulic gravel.

No one knew or ever will know how it happened. They cat-hauled men on the carpet a week about that switch. The crew of the Moulton Special testified; the crews of the stock extra testified; Maje Sampson testified; his conductor and both brakemen testified; the roadmaster and the section boss each testified, and their men testified—but however or whatever it was—whether the Moulton Special fractured the tongue, or whether the pony of the lead engine flew the guard, or whether the switch had been opened, or whether in closing the slip rail had somehow failed to follow the rod—the double-headed stock extra went into that Butte switch, into that Butte siding, into the peaceable old 264 and the 29, local, like a lyddite shell, crashing, rearing, ripping, scattering two whole trains into blood and scrap. Destruction, madness, throes, death, silence; then a pyre of dirty smoke, a wall of sickening bleats, and a scream of hissing steam over a thousand sheep caught in the sudden shambles.

There was a frightened crawling out of the shattered cabooses, a hurrying up of the stunned crews, and a bewildering count of heads. Both engine crews of the stock extra had jumped as their train split the switch. The train crews were badly shaken; the head brakeman of the sheep train lay torn in the barbed wire fencing the right of way; but only one man was missing—the fireman of 29—Delaroo.

"Stock Extra No. 86 jumped west switch passing track and went into train 29, engine 264. Bad spill. Delaroo, fireman the 264, missing," wired Sugar Buttes to Medicine Bend a few minutes later.

Neighbor got up there by ten o'clock with both roadmasters and the wrecking outfit. It was dark as a cañon in the desert that night. Benedict Morgan's men tore splintered car timber from the debris, and on the knolls back of the siding lighted heaping bonfires that threw a light all night on the dread pile smoking on the desert. They dug by the flame of the fires at the ghastly heap till midnight, then the moon rose, an extra crew got up from the Bend, and they got the derrick at work. Yet with all the toil when day broke the confusion looked worse confounded. The main line was so hopelessly blocked that at daylight a special with ties and steel was run in to lay a temporary track around the wreck.

"What do I think of it?" muttered Neighbor, when the local operator asked him for a report for Callahan. "I think there's two engines for the scrap in sight—and the 264, if we can ever find anything of her—and about a million sheep to pay for—" Neighbor paused to give an order and survey the frightful scene.

"And Delaroo," repeated the operator. "He wants to know about Delaroo—"

"Missing."

At dawn hot coffee was passed among the wreckers, and shortly after sunrise the McCloud gang arrived with the second derrick. Then the men of the night took hold with a new grip to get into the heart of the pile; to find—if he was there—Delaroo.

None of the McCloud gang knew the man they were hunting for, but the men from the Bend were soon telling them about Maje Sampson's Indian. Not a mute nod he ever gave; not a piece of tobacco he ever passed; not a brief word he ever spoke to one of the battered old hulks who rode and cut and slashed and stormed and drank and cursed with Benedict Morgan was forgotten then. Every slewed, twisted, weather-beaten, crippled-up, gin-shivered old wreck of a wrecker—they were hard men—had something to say about Delaroo. And with their hair matted and their faces streaked and their shirts daubed and their elbows in blood, they said it—whatever it was, much or little—of Delaroo.

Their picks swung, their derricks creaked, and all day with the shouting and the calling they toiled; but the sun was sinking before they got to the middle of it. Then Benedict Morgan, crawling under the drivers of the hind mogul, partly

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19)



THEN THE MEN OF THE NIGHT TOOK HOLD WITH A NEW GRIP TO GET INTO THE HEART OF THE PILE; TO FIND . . . DELAROO



SETTING UP A BATTERY OF BIG GUNS AT THE UNITED STATES ORDNANCE EXHIBIT, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

THE U. S. ORDNANCE EXHIBIT AT BUFFALO

By LIEUTENANT GODFREY L. CARDEN, Chief of Division



LIEUT. GODFREY L. CARDEN

THE DISPLAY of American manufactured ordnance and war munitions at the Pan-American Exposition constitutes the most diversified and complete showing of the kind ever seen at any exposition in the United States. This statement applies both to the government showing and to the collaboration of goods as manufactured by private houses, or, in other words, to the two distinct exhibits which are to be found at Buffalo; viz.—1, Government arsenal material, forming a part of the government display; 2, Equipment manufactured by private houses for military and naval uses, and exhibited collectively in the ordnance division.

The government exhibit is, naturally, classified with the general display in the government building, and, with the exception of the heavy ordnance group, is entirely under cover. Of this exhibit it may be said, briefly, that all that is new and up-to-date, as turned out by the

BIG GUNS

The heavy ordnance showing includes a 12-inch army coast gun on disappearing carriage, a 10-inch sea-coast gun on barbette mount, and a type of breech-loading mortar, as used at the present time in coast fortification pits. Not only is the big 12-inch gun in position, but it is mounted as one would find it, apparently, in actual service—the exact profile of a coast work having been thrown up in front. Added to these big modern weapons are a lot of historic guns, the property of the government, and ranging, some of them, back to the very earliest days of our national history.

Passing from the government exhibit to the ordnance division, the visitor comes upon the efforts of the private manufacturers of the country, the men who generally are in the front rank with new ideas, and who in the present instance have enlisted in a common display to show their products to the world.

To properly understand the aims and purposes of the commercial-ordnance exhibit, it should be known that this is the first occasion in the history of exposition work that American manufacturers of war munitions have met in convention, as it were, to indicate their readiness to undertake large foreign orders. The bulk of the business in war material with the smaller countries of the world has in the past been almost exclusively controlled by the great gun firms on the Continent of Europe and in the United Kingdom. The time is now ripe, it is thought, for America to secure some of this foreign war munitions trade, and the display at Buffalo, as inaugurated by the private establishments, is regarded as the first step in unison to bring about the desired result.

If the display is not as large as it might be, it is, at any rate, selective. The warehouse effect has been eliminated, and that which remains represents, as a rule, the acme of skill of the various houses. With but few exceptions the floor-room accorded to exhibitors has been under the original demands, but this condition was rendered imperative by the lack of sufficient building area. Had the space been available the total bulk of exhibits could, it is calculated, have been more than doubled. And this statement, made with reference to the ordnance division, is understood to hold true with many other departments.

SMALL-ARMS, MODELS AND AMMUNITION

To better classify the displays in the ordnance division, two buildings have been employed, both supported by structural steel framings, which in themselves form an exhibit. In other words, the steel structural work is capable of being taken down and shipped away and again erected, say, for railroad stations or government buildings. In one building is gathered the heavier material—the armor plates from the

Bethlehem and Carnegie plants, the massive bridge and railway structure of the American Bridge Company, the siege guns and the field guns, while in a sister building are to be found the small-arms, the quartermaster and commissary goods, choice marine fittings, and novel outfits for ship uses, and all of course of the very latest origin. It would seem as if all that an army might require could be obtained from the houses exhibiting in the ordnance division.

The most striking exhibit in the west ordnance building is, probably, that of the American Bridge Company, and here one finds a model of the famous Atbara bridge built by a constituent house of the American Bridge Company (Pencey Bridge Company) for Lord Kitchener in North Africa—the bridge that alarmed Europe by reason of the celerity with which it was built and the cheapness of its cost.

The ammunition display is represented by some of the strongest manufacturing concerns in the country, and when we say ammunition, we imply both projectile manufacturing firms and those houses dealing more particularly with fixed ammunition. In the former category are the Firth Stirling Steel Company of Pittsburgh, the Taylor Iron and Steel Company of High Bridge, N. J., and the United States Projectile Company of Brooklyn, while in the latter class are the American Ordnance Company, the Driggs-Seabury Gun and Ammunition Company, the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, and the Winchester Arms Company. Armor-piercing projectiles, semi-armor-piercing and common shell, deck-piercers and torpedo shell, shrapnel and case, all are manufactured and displayed either in whole or in part by the above concerns.

The Firth Stirling Steel Company has confined its projectile display to armor-piercing shell, and in its group are seen huge projectiles that have pierced armor plate ranging from 7 to 14 inches in thickness, as represented by the best of Harveyized plate.

WARSHIP ARMOR AND TURRETS

As illustrating the commercial uses to which warship armor can be put, the west ordnance building will contain a complete bank vault built up of plate measuring 14 inches in thickness. Two of the plates, including the doors, will weigh each approximately 43 tons. Other plates which have been subjected to government tests on the proving grounds will be exhibited in close proximity, the idea conveyed being that a cracksmen would have little chance against a vault built up of plates that have withstood the impact of armor-piercing shell.

The display of the American Ship Windlass Company is of especial interest to the naval man, and particularly so since the introduction of the new automatic steam-towing machine on warships. The officer on the bridge who in a heavy sea keeps his eye anxiously on the big hawser astern, never knowing at what moment some heavy send will part it, can pace back and forth with an easy mind when one of the automatic machines is at work.

The Gruson Iron Works not only show a miniature turret model on a table within the ordnance building, but situated half-way between the two buildings is a full-size 12-inch gun turret in model form. For the first time in its history a Gruson turret is exhibited at an exposition. All the principal features connected with an actual turret have been reproduced in exact size and with faithful attention to detail. Instead of wholly inclosing the cupola, a large section is cut away, in order that the visitor may be able to view the interior workings while standing on a level with the ground proper. The erection of the turret model was an undertaking of no small magnitude, but if general interest counts for anything, the time and labor expended would seem to be fully warranted. The turret model will represent to all who see it the nearest approach to impregnability in coast defence work known.

A MAZE OF TOPICS

Entering the east ordnance building, one is confronted with a maze of topics. Here is equipment running through the entire list of quartermaster and commissary goods, small-arms of all descriptions—the latest pattern military rifle and the fowling-piece, worth \$750; ship outfits and hospital equipage, camp furniture and gun forgings; war material everywhere, and, through it all, enough to make of this building the Mecca, also, of the sportsman visitor.

In the marine outfit group one sees a neat office-like space occupied by representatives of Mr. Horace See, one of the first of American naval architects, and one whose name has been closely identified with some of the best efforts of the navy of the United States. Hard by is a newly patented

water-tight bulkhead door, designed to automatically close a compartment on the rush of water; and on the same space is seen a model illustrating a new method for building docks and breakwaters.

VARIOUS DISPLAYS

In the quartermaster group one finds displays from such standard houses as Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Company of South Bend, Ind.; Fulton-Walker Company of Philadelphia, and Perkins-Campbell Company of Cincinnati. The Studebakers show two superb wagons, one of the ambulance type, and the other of the army escort pattern. It is doubtful if anything finer in the shape of army vehicles has ever been turned out in this country. The Fulton-Walker exhibit includes two very handsome invalid vehicles and numerous axle fittings. The Perkins-Campbell Company, which, by the way, is one of the largest houses in its line in America, display artillery harness, quartermaster teams outfits, and cavalry saddles, bridles, spurs, and military equipment generally.

In the commissary group one finds represented such houses as Swift & Company of Chicago, with a display of meat packed in standard army packages, many of these packages provided with glass fronts, the better to enable one to study the contents, and the whole mounted on a standard army escort wagon. The space scene of Swift & Company is further enhanced by a suggestion of army camp life—the cavalry saddle packed for service and the regulation army A tent forming attractive relief features.

The hospital and surgical outfit showing is made by J. M. Corson, represented by Dr. Wm. O. Connor of Toronto, Charles Truax, and Greene & Company of Chicago.

But perhaps the most charming of exhibits, the one that makes a man feel like bolting right away to the Adirondacks, is the model camp scene of Mr. F. H. Buzzacott of Chicago. To the smallest detail, Mr. Buzzacott has arranged his camp in a thoroughly practical fashion. He has acted upon an experience gained in the regular service, and it is because his camp is what a camp should be that the heart of the sportsman and military man is at once won. Instead of a great lumbering lot of stuff taking up a wagon load of room, Mr. Buzzacott incloses in one trunk 500 articles—not 499 or 501, but exactly 500—and this trunk two men can readily pick up and throw into a vehicle. Mr. Buzzacott has reduced the camp article question to a science, and the poor bewildered mind that is cogitating as to what to take for a summer's outing had best look at a Buzzacott trunk.

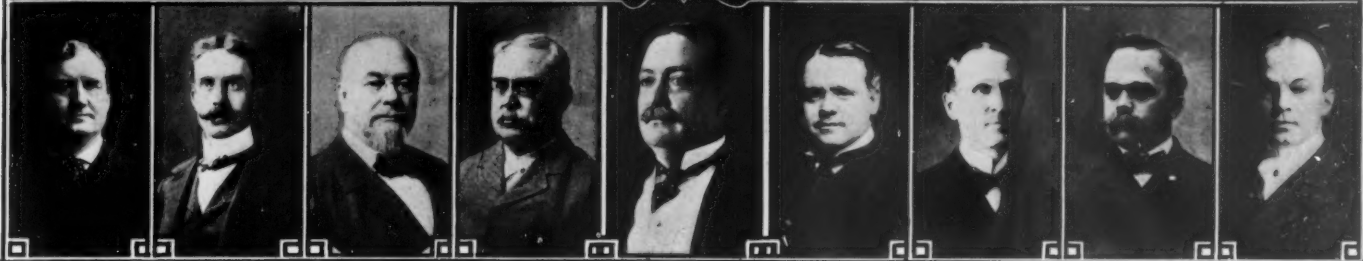
ELECTRICITY AND MACHINERY

Electricity is now forming such an important part in the operating of warlike machinery that some slight reference to the wonderful electrical display at Buffalo would be inappropriate. The electricity building proper measures 500 feet by 150 feet, and contains complete displays of recent developments in electrical science. Five thousand horse-power is conveyed from Niagara Falls for the working uses of the Exposition, a distance of something like twenty miles. Much of the power used in Buffalo to-day by mills, factories, street railways, and plants generally requiring power, is conveyed from Niagara Falls, a distance of twenty-two miles, at a pressure of ten thousand volts. This power is transmitted by means of large bare copper cables of nineteen wires each strung on tall, heavy posts. The nearness of Niagara Falls, with an almost unlimited power available, suggested the electric possibilities at the Pan-American Exposition.

In the lighting of the courts over two hundred thousand incandescent lamps are employed, and every great building is outlined with a myriad of lights. A tower built especially to exploit the electrical display has a height of 375 feet, and at night every line is brought out in striking relief by lines of incandescent lights. The great tower is undoubtedly the most splendid centrepiece that ever adorned any exposition.

In addition to the tower scheme is the "Court of the Fountains," measuring one thousand feet long and five hundred feet wide, the centre being a large aquatic basin. In this basin are numerous fountains and other water effects which at night are transformed into fountains of fire by means of electric lights.

In the electricity building dynamos and motors of the latest types are displayed, and popular lessons are given upon the many uses of electricity in the arts. Practically all the working exhibits of the Exposition are operated by electricity.



JOHN G. MILBURN, PRESIDENT HENRY RUSTIN, SUPT. MECHANICAL BUREAU SELIM M. PEABODY, SUPT. LIBERAL ARTS EDWIN FLEMING, SECRETARY DIRECTOR-GENERAL BUCHANAN JOHN N. SCATHERD, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FREDERICK M. TAYLOR, SUPT. HORTICULTURE FRANK H. CONVERSE, SUPT. AGRICULTURE NEWCOMB CARLTON, DIRECTOR OF WORKS

A VISIT TO THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

THIS WORD Pan-American has apparently come to stay, along with propylaea and pergola, and other Exposition coinages familiar now to every boy in Buffalo. You see a swarthy gentleman in a queer hat sauntering along and ask where he comes from. "Oh, he's a Pan-American," is the answer, whether he be Mexican, Peruvian or Patagonian. They are all Pan-Americans!

And yet, despite the name, this Buffalo Exposition is not remarkable for what it shows us of South American life or industries. The vast Republic of Brazil, for instance, has no building of its own, and practically no representation. Its present troubled finances, they say, would not permit the outlay; so that here is half of South America and all that wonderful Amazon Valley squeezed into the space of a back parlor in the Agricultural Building. The Argentine Republic and Peru make a somewhat better showing, with scattered exhibits, but neither has its own building. And Venezuela, Colombia, Uruguay and Paraguay have no official representation at all. Chili, however, seems to have made a serious effort and has a handsome building with a creditable exhibit. Ecuador, too, has a small building.

Nor can it be said that the Pan-American Exposition stands for North America in any large sense. It is true that more than half the States make exhibits and some ten of them, as well as Canada and Mexico, have separate buildings; but the fact remains that this Exposition will have to thank for its success (which seems assured), not the contributions of South America or Central America, not the enterprise of Mexico or Canada, not the resources of the United States, any or all of them, but the resources and the contributions and the enterprise of the city of Buffalo, which has done this fine, big thing all by itself, one might say, and deserves all the credit. Buffalo raised the money, Buffalo made the plans and carried them out. And when we see, the millions of us who will come here, what Buffalo has accomplished, we may well feel proud that a single American city of her rank could do so much. Indeed, I should say that the most edifying exhibit in this whole lovely Exposition is the thing itself as an instance of our individual resourcefulness.

THE QUESTION OF ACCOMMODATIONS

While I am removing possible misapprehensions, let me say that the widely circulated announcements of rooms in Buffalo for a dollar a day, and meals in proportion, should be taken

with a grain of salt. No doubt there are such cheap rates to be had, but they must be specially arranged for in private families and certainly cannot be found at the regular hotels. My own experience may be salutary to some one else, as certainly three dollars a day for a small bedroom, with two chairs and a table (meals not included), is discouraging to a man with much of a family.

"How much for a room with a bath, no meals?" I asked the clerk.

"Five dollars," said he, and seemed to think that a reasonable charge. And no doubt it was at this particular hotel, which is rather better than the others. Still, there is no doubt that accommodations in Buffalo, both in hotels and boarding-houses, are now, and will be, on a crush basis. And the only way to get low rates is by writing in advance to the Pan-American Bureau of Information, an excellent institution, and indicating your needs.

That there will really be a great multitude here seems clearly indicated. I know of one hotel with capacity for 700 guests, at two dollars a day, European plan, where already all the rooms but seven are continuously engaged between June 10 and September 12. And although, with hotels and private houses, Buffalo can accommodate about 150,000 visitors, this capacity is not counted sufficient, and huge wooden structures have been erected near the Exposition, one of them large enough to receive 5,000 people, and arrangements have also been made to receive thousands in tents.

The fact is, even the Pan-American organizers, sanguine though they were, are beholding with amazement the realization of their hopes. No less than 400 conventions, for instance, are booked to be held in Buffalo during the Exposition, and the mere enumeration of these in small type covers a sheet as large as a chess-board. One might say that all known societies will meet here and some that are unknown. The Western Pomological Society will meet, the National Nurses will meet, and the blacksmiths, and the retail dry-goods clerks, and the National Editorial Association, and 4,000 members of the National Sangerfest, which latter will lift its voice in the Temple of Music, so the programme announces, and sing "Lead, Kindly Light." All of which is a long step forward since that memorable evening in 1898 when William S. Hamlin, at the Ellicott Club, subscribed the first fifty thousand dollars to this enterprise. Now the most conservative are counting on ten million paid admissions at half a dollar

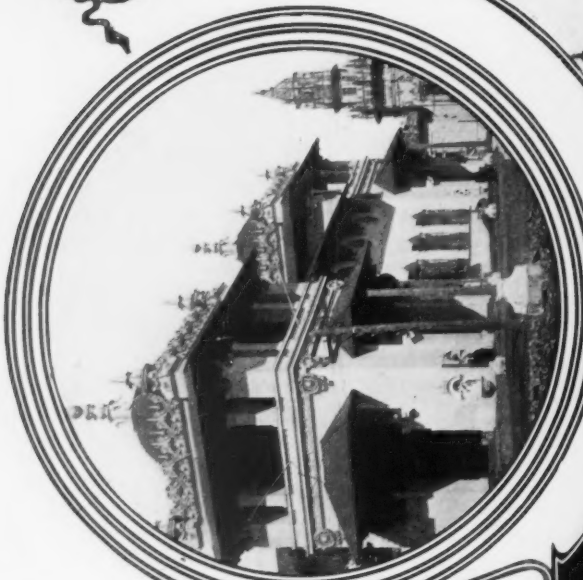
each. And what that means to Buffalo goes beyond calculation!

A STROLL THROUGH THE MIDWAY

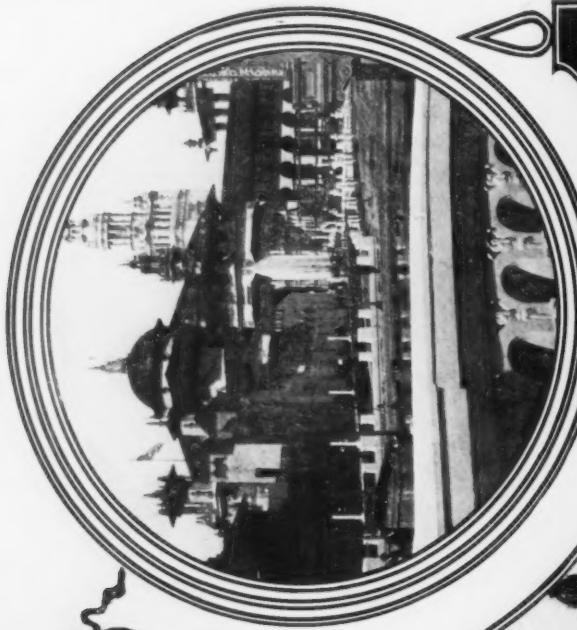
And when all these millions of good folk have gathered here and paid their fifty cents at the turnstiles, what will they see? If they follow the advice of art lovers, they will leave the trolley at the Elmwood Gate and, entering there, stroll through a stretch of park and lake where groups of statuary and beds of flowers delight the eye with form and color. And from here they will cross the triumphal bridge and emerge into the esplanade where the full majesty and beauty of the Exposition breaks upon the eye. By day or night, this is a spot to stand and wonder in, and yet—

Somehow the crowds distress the art lovers by passing the Elmwood Gate and entering the grounds from the west side, where the approach is far less imposing and where there is no reason for entering at all except that here is the Midway, the noisy, frivolous Midway, which cares not a farthing about being beautiful or majestic, but has a very real fascination for the popular mind. It is safe to say that the western gate will always be the crowded one and that most of the ten million visitors will see the Midway first. I did myself, and must say I am disposed to rank it with Niagara and the night effects as a large element in the Exposition's success. So before we do the more serious things let us boldly turn our steps down this crowded way, where men are beckoning and calling us on either side to enter—enter and behold the wonderful, the alluring, the mysterious something which they offer us, it may be for twenty-five cents, it may be for ten.

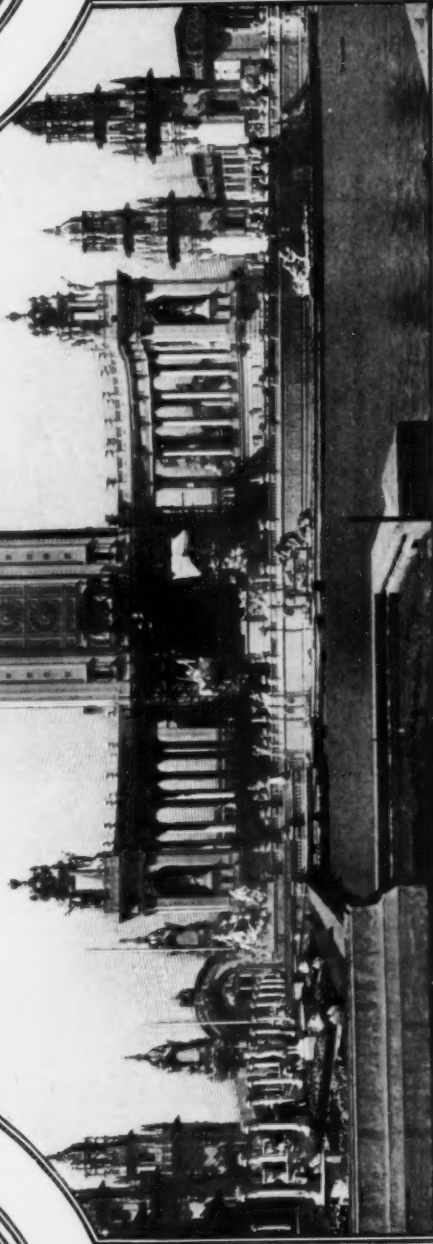
There are two long arms to the Midway, and either is worth studying. Unlike the rest of the Exposition, there are no Pan-American limitations here, but all the world has been drawn upon for interest and novelty. Here is "Darkest Africa," here a Japanese Village. There are dancing girls from Egypt and Hawaii, and Cingalese women, with straight noses and fine black skins, who do the "Dance of the Ebony Sticks" and the "Dance of the Brazen Vessels." There are palaces of illusion, "Dreamland," and the house that is upside down and full of deceiving mirrors. And there are picture shows worth seeing, the "Battle of Missionary Ridge" described by a white-haired veteran who went through it, and "Jerusalem on Crucifixion Day," and history shown in wax figures, and the "Johnstown Flood," and endless moving pictures. Also,



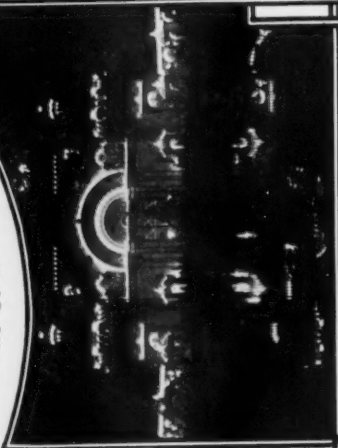
ON THE MIDWAY



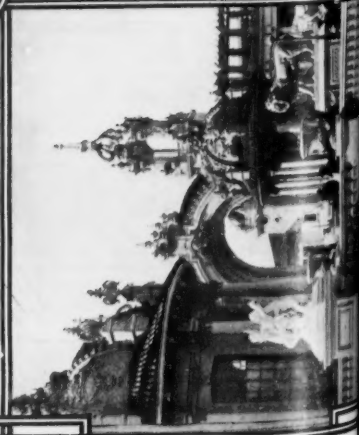
COURT OF LILIES



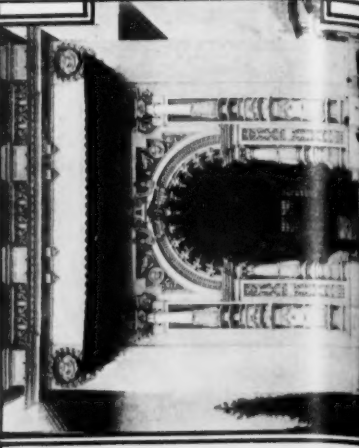
THE ELECTRICAL TOWER AS IT APPEARED JUST BEFORE THE ILLUMINATION

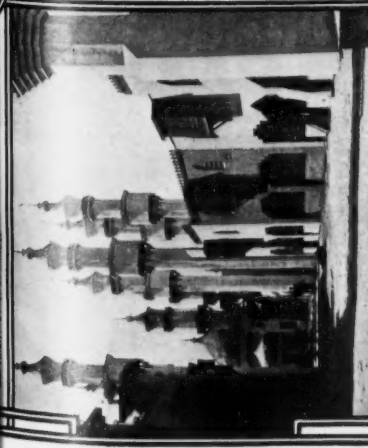


HORTICULTURAL HALL—NIGHT

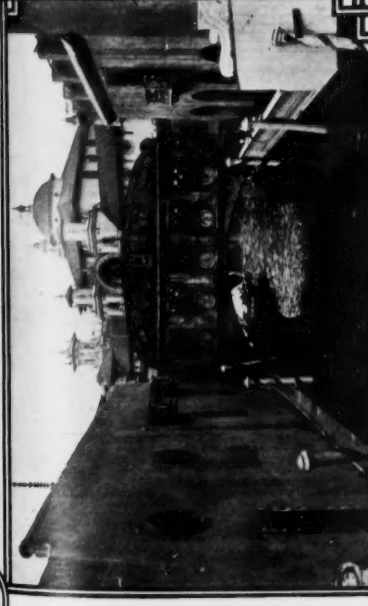


TEMPLE OF MUSIC—NIGHT





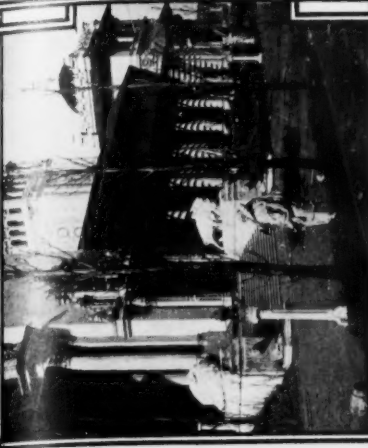
STREETS OF CAIRO



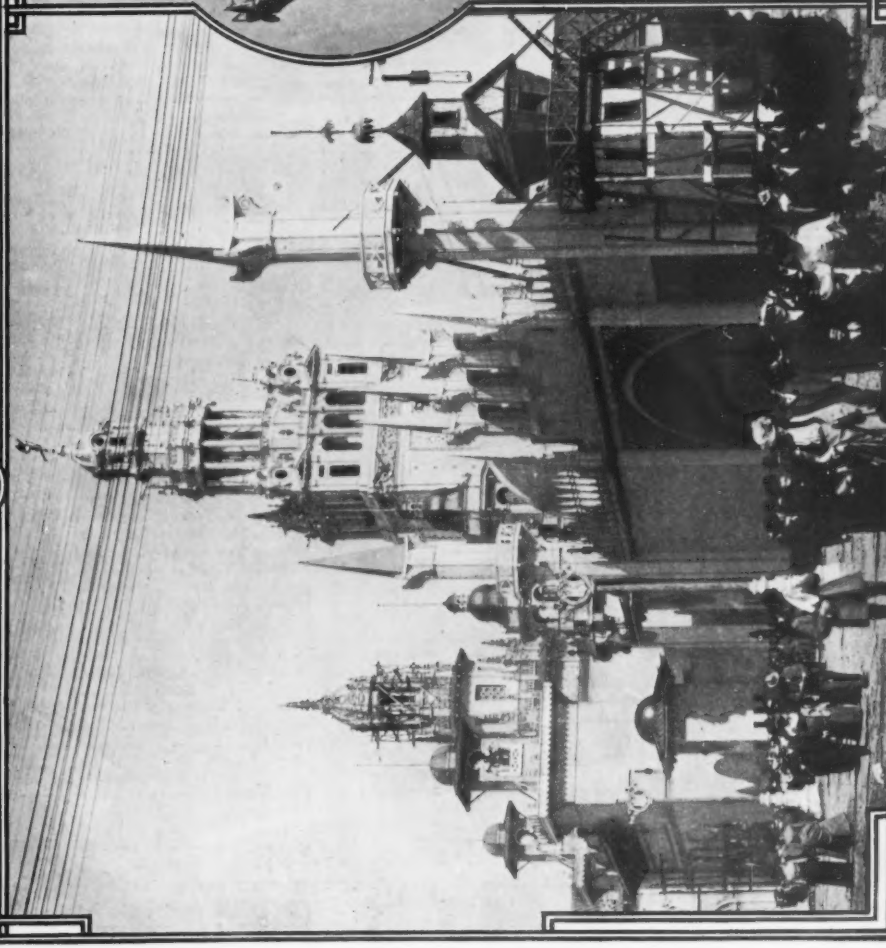
LOOKING TOWARD THE "BRIDGE OF SIGH'S"



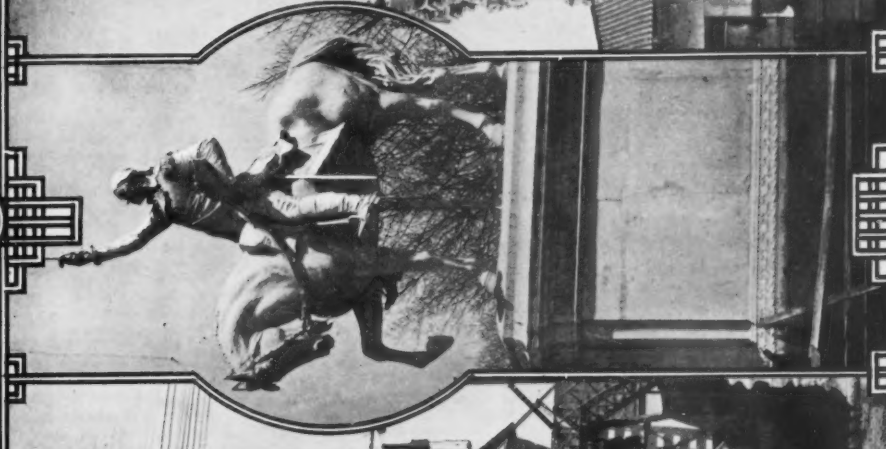
THE PAVILIONS, FROM THE PLAZA



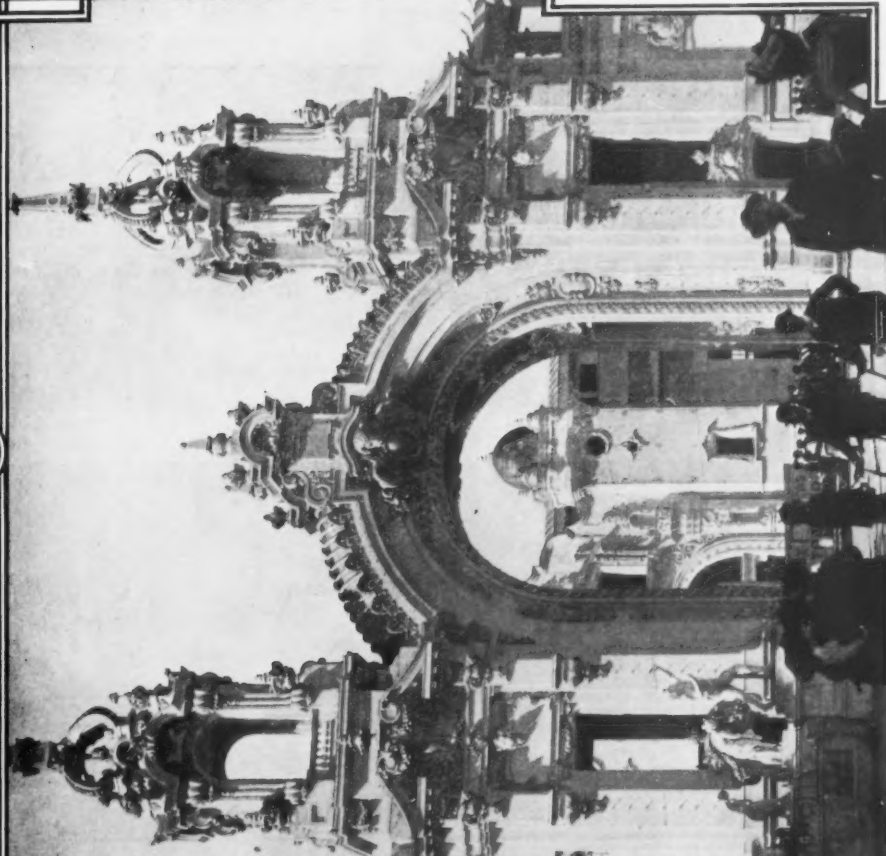
ON THE MALL



PROMENADE ALONG THE MIDWAY
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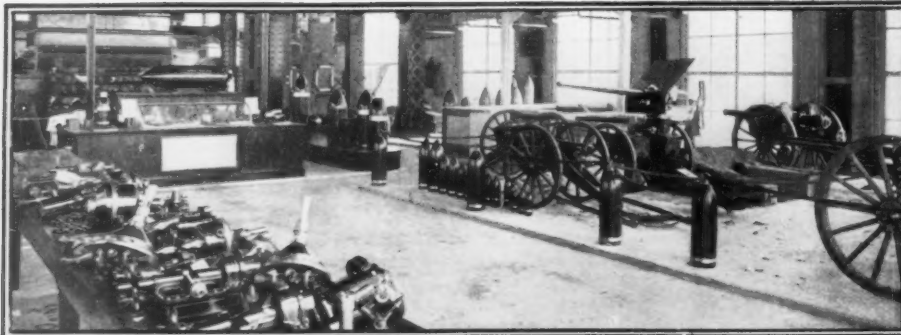
LINCOLN AVENUE APPROACH
COPYRIGHT BY C. D. ARNOLD



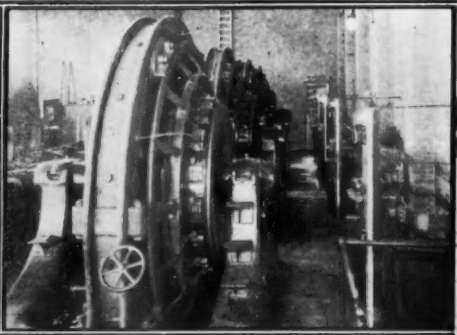
VISITORS VIEWING THE PROPYLAEA
COPYRIGHT BY C. D. ARNOLD

OPENING OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO

(SEE PAGE 15)



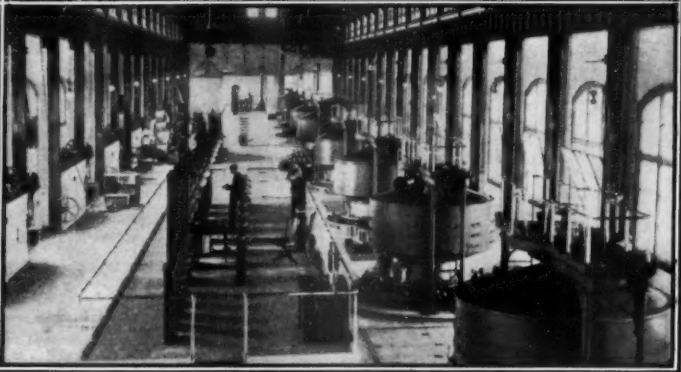
RAPID-FIRE GUNS IN THE GOVERNMENT ORDNANCE DIVISION



A CORNER IN THE POWER PLANT



THE ELECTRIC AMMUNITION HOISTS IN THE ORDNANCE DIVISION



THE MAIN ROOM OF THE NIAGARA POWER PLANT

Tyrolers women who yield while you have luncheon, and a fine German band in "Alt Nürnberg."

And there are few who will not enjoy the feats of horsemanship and accurate shooting shown at the Indian Congress. Such an ugly, painful lot these worn-out, fanned-out braves who now show, for tickets at the door, the skill and cunning that once made them formidable. Yet, they are doubtless the real thing; some forty tribes in tents and paint and feathers; squaws, too, and little baby Indians scarce big enough to toddle around in the grand procession.

Finally, there is Bostock's collection of wild beasts, lions, tigers, leopards, and many others, all brought into subjection within the past few months by this indomitable trainer, whose menagerie at Baltimore was destroyed by fire last January. I had a long talk with Mr. Bostock, and saw on his head the scarcely healed wounds from the fangs of the big tiger Rajah. Had not the lion tamer worn his iron mask that day (it was some five weeks ago in Indianapolis), he would surely have ended his career there and then. This mask covers the head front and back, as two catcher's masks might, and it has been used several times at the Exposition in conquering a rebellious group of leopards. While I was there, one of these leopards sprang upon a keeper who was only rescued by Bostock himself, who dragged the brute away.

The performance takes place in a very large circular cage, built of iron bars, which stands like a stage in the centre of the amphitheatre. Here Bonavita, a Pan-American tamer, works his seventeen lions, makes them pose for him, jump for him, come and go at the crack of his whip. And here a graceful girl in short skirts dances gracefully with her tiger and two lions for partners. And here Madame Morrelli will appear with the bad leopard group, as soon as she recovers from wounds inflicted by their claws and teeth.

DELIGHTFUL WATER EFFECTS

Another attraction of the Midway—"Venice in America"—is really one of the most charming features of the Exposition. I am not speaking of the show proper, with its dancing and singing and gay costumes, but of the gondola service that has been organized for the canals and lakes. These, mind you, are real gondolas, not Buffalo imitations; they were brought from Italy, and possess the true Venetian grace in form and movement. To lean back on soft leather cushions while two gondoliers in bow and stern, brown-skinned fellows with black hats and broad red sashes, ply their long sweeps, and to glide thus from view to view, listening the while to mandolin and guitar strummed for you in the bow by a couple of Neapolitans—well, if that is not worth the small fare they ask then there is nothing of value at the Pan-American.

And now, with all this understood, let us walk or glide or roll about and observe the main features of this Pan-American and note our first impressions. Among these is surely the great dome of the Government Building—a dome of robin's-egg blue that rises high above a group of small gilt domes that cluster about it. A most happy use of blue has been made in the Exposition color scheme; not too much of it, just a bit here and there, always unexpected among the prevailing reds and grays, and always effective. It was a flash of inspiration, putting that soft, restful blue on the Government dome, and came, I am told, after much discussion, just at the last in place of something else.

Characteristic, again, of this Exposition are far-reaching colonnades, ornate in color and decoration, and offering a fine usefulness as places for promenade pleasantly shaded against the glare and stifle. Down over these project the long, slanting red roofs of the Spanish Renaissance, and far above them rise graceful turrets and balconies, so many charming observation spots. Several of the colonnades—as, for instance, the pergolas—are used as restaurants, and there are towers set apart for the same important end. Whatever else it may be, and it is many other things, the builders of this Exposition have taken pains to make it comfortable.

THE GREAT ELECTRIC TOWER

Conspicuous among all the buildings, of course—and perhaps the *clou* to the Exposition, as the French say—is the Electric Tower, which stands with reference to everything else, as the *Are de Triomphe* in Paris stands with reference to the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries Gardens. The Exposition City, built on either side of a stretch of plazas and fountain spaces, shows at one end the Triumphal Bridge (which really bridges nothing), at the other the Electric Tower, rising four hundred feet above the Grand Basin and its spouting waters. This is the target of eyes from every point, but especially from the Esplanade, or great space halfway between Tower and Bridge. There was nothing at the World's Columbian Exposition to equal the majesty of this Esplanade. It is twice as large as Chicago's famous Court of Honor; it would comfortably contain the whole vast army that England has now in South Africa—say two hundred and fifty thousand men. And what it looks like at night when all the cascades are playing and all the lights turned on is a thing for a man to know and remember, not a thing to tell.

Nevertheless, I will refer briefly to an evening I spent in these remarkable surroundings, dividing my time between getting sensations and trying to put down their cause with a kodak. Which was queer enough—indeed, the whole evening was queer; for, being early in the season, there were few people on the grounds, and I practically had it all to myself, a million electric lights and the darkness. The man who knows may say there are not a million lights, but the man who sees and feels is sure there are.

AN EXPERIENCE IN NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

Amateur photographers should understand that no cameras larger than a "four by five" are allowed on the grounds (the charge for these is fifty cents a day), and no tripods are allowed at all, so I was obliged to rest my kodak on whatever offered for the night exposures.

I walked by splendid beds of tulips, masses of red and yellow that stood out well under the electric lights, but it was hopeless, alas! to try for colors, and I passed on and, pausing presently by one of the 200-foot pylons of the bridge, turned my lens across the Mirror Lake toward the Temple of Music. A gondola passed, turned and passed again, rippling the surface. Violins of the orchestra played softly and a tenor voice came clear across the water. Down yonder, half a mile away, the Electric Tower blazed like a jewelled column and dipped its inverted image in the lake.

I gave this picture eight minutes, and passed on to the lower end of the Great Court. It was light enough anywhere here to read fine print. I propped my kodak on the base of a statue and tried for the Ethnology Building, glowing with soft greens and tints of alabaster. I also brought in part of the pergola colonnade, red-blotched along the base by day, but a delicate cream and pink now under the electric radiance.

I moved down the middle of the Esplanade and aimed over the dozen gushing mouths of the Cascades straight at the Electric Tower. At my right and left stretched boulevards of fire, but I could not take these—only the Electric Tower and the Cascades. As I waited, the fountain showers splashed the surface with the beat of heavy rain and the spray let the Tower light filter through in myriad flashes. This is a place to stand a long time!

Again I moved on to the eastern fountain and sighted the great blue dome from a pile of bricks. In my view came groups of statuary among the black-green cypress trees and a little sweep of the left-hand colonnade. This Government Building now was a wonderful palace, with pink and rose shadings in its walls and arches, and a sort of loveliness about it, I fancied, because of that wide, blue dome.

THE COLORED FOUNTAINS

I did not know until afterward that the changing colors of the fountains at the Tower's base are produced by ninety-six

powerful searchlights, that cast their beams upward through the waters with what changes the operator wills. He, the operator, is down in the fountain depths, beneath glass windows, busily shifting his projector screens—red, green, violet, blue—while the cascades dance like water kaleidoscopes. And the splendor of the color dances may be judged from this, that a million and a half gallons of water pass through these Tower fountains every hour.

Meantime, the thirty-inch reflector atop the Tower holds the wonder of guests in the restaurant galleries under it as it signals and answers the parent searchlight at Niagara Falls, fifteen miles away. That, too, is a thing to watch!

OTHER WONDERS TO SEE

You will find enjoyment watching the living fish in the Fisheries Building—black bass, salmon, trout, long lazy pickerel—even the humble catfish.

The work of the Coastguards pleased me, too, as they went through their manoeuvres on the little lake, showing practically how they handle the lifeboats and rescue seafarers in distress.

And a popular exhibit, I suppose, will be that of the government, presenting life and customs in the Philippine Islands, with queer boats, queer weapons and queer household utensils—all brought from Manila.

Then there is a Dairy Exhibit, where various breeds of fine cattle are passing through a six months' test in feeding and milk production. That will please the farmers.

And our friends the automobilists will crowd to see Edison's new storage battery, which promises them such fine things—fifty per cent less weight and no need of recharging on a run—and much more that is on exhibition.

Also two systems of wireless telegraphy, with a regular exchange of messages between the grounds and Fort Porter, three miles distant.

Also an American art exhibit (no foreigners allowed) and enough American sculpture about the grounds for a day's study. Whatever success may be attained in the department of Fine Arts (and this, I am assured, will be considerable) is in a large measure due to the indefatigable and able efforts of Mr. W. A. Coffin, who is in charge of the exhibit as Art Director.

Also several hundred thousand other things about which it is vain to speak.

But I must give a word to the Stadium—the immense race-course with seats for twelve thousand people and every seat a good one. Back of the top tier is a wide promenade, curving around the oval and offering a fine view over the grounds. Here will be seen all manner of sports and contests—foot races, automobile races, intercollegiate games, bicycle meets, firemen's parade, shooting congresses, football matches, and others without end. There will be no livelier place on the grounds than the Stadium.

THE NIAGARA POWER PLANT

The Power Plant is distinctly a thing to see in visiting the Falls. Not only the ten huge dynamos that one may look down upon from the gallery, but the turbines themselves down at the bottom of the shaft, where an elevator lowers one, if he be not over-timid, right to the spot, one hundred and sixty-five feet down in the solid rock, where the mystery is enacted of transforming the Cataract's power into electric energy to be fed away for miles by threads of copper.

The trip to the Falls from Buffalo is better made by railway than by trolley; for the latter takes an hour and a half one way and costs as much as the train—fifty cents both ways. As to expenses at Niagara, they will be what one cares to make them, but need not be more than a dollar and a half per person to see everything. And they cannot well be less. If a man did nothing in his whole trip but see the Falls at night, with the searchlight playing on them, he would have done well; for there is nothing in the world more terrible, nothing more beautiful.

THE MASTER-MECHANIC'S STORY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 18)

uncovered, crawled out with a set face; he swore he heard breathing. It was alcohol to the veins of the double gang. Neighbor himself went in and heard—and stayed to fasten a grapple to pull the engine truck off the roof of a box car that was jammed over and against the mogul stack.

The big derrick groaned as the slack drew and the truck crashed through a tier of stays and swung whirling into the clear. A giant wrecker dodged under the suspended wheels, and raising his axe, bit a hole in the jammed roof. Through that they passed a second grapple, and presently it gave suddenly, toppled back with a crash, and the foremost axeman, peering into the opening, saw the heart of the wreck. Bending forward, he picked up something struggling in his arms. They thought it was a man; but it was a sheep, alive and uninjured, under all the horror; that was the breathing they heard. Benedict Morgan threw the man and his burden aside and stepped himself into the gap and through. One started to follow, but the chief of the wreckers waved him back. Close by where the sheep had been freed stood Delarou. He stood almost as if with ear alert, so closely did the counterfeit seem the real. So sure was the impression of life that not until Morgan, speaking to the fireman, put his hand on his shoulder did he realize that the Indian stood quite dead just where the shock had caught him—in his cab.

They passed him in the silence of the sunset from hand to hand, stumbling over the wreckage, into the open. A big fellow, pallid and scared, tottered blindly after them, and when they laid the dead man down, half fell at his side: it was Maje Sampson.

That was what surprised everybody: the way Maje Sampson went to pieces after Delarou got killed. Delarou was carried back to the Bend and up to Sampson's and laid out in the God-forsaken parlor; but Maje wasn't any good fixing things up that time. He usually shone on like occasions. He was the comforter of the afflicted to an extraordinary degree; he gave the usual mourner no chance to let up. But now—his day was as one that is darkened. When Neighbor went up next night to see about some minor matters connected with the funeral and the precedence of the various dozen orders that were to march, he found Maje Sampson and Martie alone in the darkness of the parlor with the silent Delarou.

Maje turned to the master-mechanic from where Delarou lay. "Neighbor, you might as well know it now as any time. Don't you say so, Martie? Martie, what do you say?" Martie burst into tears; but through them Neighbor caught the engineer's broken confession, "Neighbor—I'm color blind." The master mechanic sat stunned.

"True as God's word. True as God's word. You might as well know it now. There's the man that stood between me and the loss of my job. It's been coming on me for two years. He knew it—this man here knew it; that's why he stayed in my cab. He stayed because I was color blind. He knewed I'd get ketchered the minute a new fireman come in, Neighbor. He watched the signals—Delarou. I'm color blind, God help me." Maje Sampson sat down by the coffin. Martie had hushed her crying; the three sat in the darkness with him.

"It wouldn't worry me so much if it wasn't for the family, Neighbor. The woman—and the boys. I ain't much a savin'; you know that. If you can give me a job I can get bread an' butter out of, give it to me. I can't pull a train; my eyes went out with this man here. I wish to God it was me and him standing over. A man that color blind, and don't know a thing on God's earth but runnin' an engine, is worse than a dead man anyhow."

Neighbor went home thinking.

They buried Delarou. But even then they were not through with him. Delarou had insurance in every order in the Bend, which meant near every one on earth. There was no end to his benefit certificates, and no known beneficiaries. But when they overhauled his trunk they found every last certificate carefully filed away up to the last paid assessment and the last quarter's dues. Then came a shock. People found out there was a beneficiary. While the fraters were busy making their passes Delarou had quietly been directing the right honorable recording secretaries to make the benefits run to Neighbor, and so every dollar of his insurance ran. Nobody was so thunderstruck at the discovery as the master-mechanic himself.

Yet Delarou meant something by it. After Neighbor had studied nights the best of a month; after Maje Sampson had tried to take the color test and failed, as he persistently said he would; after he had gone to tinkering in the roundhouse, and from tinkering respectably, and by degrees down the hill to wiping at a dollar and forty cents a day with time and a half for overtime—Neighbor brought himself all of a sudden one day of a paper Delarou had once given him and asked him to keep.

Neighbor had kept it, safe. He had put it away in the storekeeper's safe with his own papers and the drawings of his extension front end patent—and safely forgotten all about it. It was the day they had to go into the county court about the will which was not, when he recollected Delarou's paper and pulled it out of its envelope. There was only a half sheet of paper, inside, with this writing from Delarou to Neighbor:

"R. B. A.—What is coming to me on insurance give to Martie Sampson, wife of Maje. Give my trunk to P. McGraw."

"Rispek., P. DE LA ROUX"

When the master-mechanic read that before the probate judge, Maje Sampson took a trembling; Martie hid her face in her shawl, crying again. Maybe a glimmer of what it meant came for the first time in her life over her. Maybe she remembered Delarou as he used to sit with them under the kerosene lamp while Maje untiringly pounded the money question into him—smoking as he listened, and Martie mended on never-ending pants. Looking from Maje Sampson, heated with monologue, to his wife, patiently stitching. No comments; just looking as Pierre Delaroux could look.

Strange, Neighbor thought it, and yet, maybe, not so strange. It was all there in the paper—the torn, worn little book of Delarou's life. Why not? She was the only woman on earth who had ever done him a kindness. If he loved her—was it strange?

Nobody at Medicine Bend quite understood it; but nobody at Medicine Bend quite suspected that under all the barrenness up at Maje Sampson's an ambition could have survived; yet one had. Martie had an ambition. Way down under her faded eyes and her faded dress there was an ambition, and that for the least promising subjects in the Rocky Mountains—the brickbats. Under the unending mending and the poverty and the toil, Martie, who never put her nose out of doors; who never attended a church social, never ventured even to a free public school show—had an ambition for the boys. She wanted the two biggest to go to the State University; wanted them to go and get an education. And they went; and Maje Sampson says them boys, any one, has forgotten more about the money question than he ever knew. It looks as if after all the brickbats might come out; a bit of money in Martie's hands goes so far.

There are a few soldiers buried at the Bend. Decoration Day there is an attempt at a turnout; a little speeching and a little marching. A thin, straggly column of the same warped, bent old fellows in the same faded old blue. Up the hill they go and around to the cemetery to decorate.

When they turn at Maje Sampson's place—there's a gate there now—Martie and more or less of the boys, and Maje, kind of join in along and go over with them carrying a basket or so of flowers and a bucket of water.

The boys soon stray over to where the crowd is, around the graves of the Heroes. But Martie gets down by a grave somewhat apart and prods the drifting gravel all up loose with an old case-knife. You would think she might be kneading bread there, the way she sways under her sun-bonnet and gloves—for her little boiled hands are in gloves now.

"I don't know how much good it does Delarou, spiking up his grave once a year," Neighbor always winds up. "It may not do him a blamed bit of good—I don't say it does. But I can see them. I see them from the roundhouse; it does me good. Hm?"

"Maje?" he will add. "Why, I've got him over there at the house, wiping. I'm going to put him running the stationary if old John Boxer ever dies. When will he die? Blamed if I know. John is a pretty good man yet. I can't kill him, can I? Well, then, what's a matter with you?"

"No, Maje don't talk as much as he used to; he's forgetting his passes more or less, too. Getting old like some more of us. He's kind of quit the money question; claims he don't understand it as well as the boys do now. But he can talk about Delarou; he understands Delarou pretty well—now."

THE END

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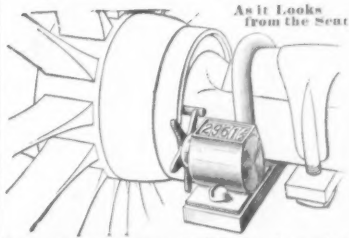
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

WOMEN AND "TIPPING"

THAT a woman always gives a tip under protest is a fact too well known to need more than the repetition necessary for an introduction to the following incident told at a feminine luncheon. The narrator emphatically remarked that the story in point furnished one more reason why one should not "pay a servant for doing his legitimate work." The teller of the story was an eye-witness not long ago at a fashionable hotel in Paris of the following:

At a table near her husband and herself sat two women of widely divergent types. One of them spoke the woman of the world from the crown of her carefully coiffured hair to the toes of her jetted slippers. She was carefully groomed and beautifully dressed, with all the chiffons of manner and material that make the nationality of her countrywomen known from Chicago to Cathay. Opposite her, a small stunted figure in a plain serge gown, with tightly fitting bonnet, told the tale of the subordinate in every move of her pathetic figure. She was the paid companion, apparently, and that she was overworked and underpaid was no less obvious.

My Lady talked to her with elaborate gestures and a burden of details which might be explained either by the wine she was drinking or the natural love of her own voice, and the humble attendant smiled and nodded perfunctorily. In the near background the waiter hovered with hawklike eye, scenting a generous tip from the fact of Madam's expansive manner, her costly gems, and that the wine was noticeably mounting to her blond head. He was not mistaken. When she had finished, she drew a large silver piece—a five-franc piece—from her porte-monnaie and laid it on the cloth, then rose from the table with undulating movements and sailed majestically toward the door, the gargon standing off a little distance and bowing to the waist with continuous performances of admiration and approval. As the companion passed, she stretched out her clawlike fingers over the table, deftly grasped



THE PASSING OF THE "TIP"

the silver piece, and, with a look of surprise, she turned to the woman of the world. "What is this?" she asked. "It is a five-franc piece," replied the woman of the world. "What is it for?" "It is for the waiter," replied the woman of the world. "What is it for?" "It is for the waiter," replied the woman of the world. "What is it for?" "It is for the waiter," replied the woman of the world.

tion, physical culture, dancing, fencing, etc. Among well-known graduates of this school are Bossie Tyree, Alice Fischer Harcourt, George Fawcett, Robert Taber, Emma Sheridan Frye, Florence Kahn, and many others. Some of the graduates have been placed with companies already and will play either during the summer or when the next winter's season opens; for instance, Wallace Worsley will be leading juvenile with the Empire Stock Company, Robert Sanford with one of the Frohman companies, as will Miss Halpin. Miss Rachel Crown plays with the Albany stock company during the summer, and Teresa

Taube secures the David Belasco medal, which goes to the pupil showing the highest standard of merit in regard to general efficiency.

At the several matinees given during the course, a number of one-act plays have been produced—the work of young dramatists. It may be interesting to the writers of plays to know that all manuscript is carefully read by a representative of Mr. Sargent at first, then by Mr. Sargent himself, who is always looking for good material of this kind. The Elizabethan play, "Fair Maid of the West," given by the Yale Dramatic Association, April 23 and 24, was under the direct management of one of the Sargent school. It takes two years to complete its entire course.

In contrast with this, Mrs. Wheatcroft fits her pupils for a stage career in six months.

While she does not pretend to make them finished products in that time, she does promise to give them self-possession, poise, with all necessary accomplishments. "If my pupils do well," said Mrs. Wheatcroft in a recent interview, "the critics speak well of the play, if poorly my methods are attacked." It was suggested that the dramatic teacher was not the only misunderstood one in the world. "What qualifications do you consider necessary to-day to make an actress successful?" was asked. "She must suggest rather than do," was the quick response. "We live too rapidly to permit the proficiency of olden times. This is as true of the dramatic as of other forms of art. And she must be well groomed and well gowned."

Among Mrs. Wheatcroft's many graduates who have made names for themselves already are Margaret Anglin, Sara Perry, Adeline Adler ("Ben Hur"), Marie Hunt, Mary Gardner, and May Wright ("The Royal Box"). Louise Drew, daughter of John Drew, and hosts of others. She has her school in a delightful, old-fashioned house in lower Fifth Avenue, which makes the modern apartment look like a bon-bon box. Here there is a miniature stage erected with all the accessories needed—scenery, wings, drops, footlights, exits and entrances. Here the hero promptly forgets his lines and the heroine suffers from *mal de théâtre* at the initial rehearsals, only to emerge at the end of the course with aplomb enough to face the managerial inquisition—that last and severest test.

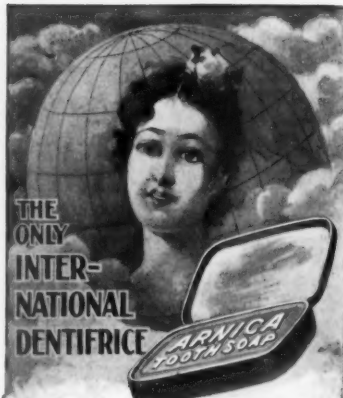
GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

WAITING

I WERE not worth you, could I long for you:
But should you come, you would find me ready.

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Over the strait I toss this song for you.

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THE BICYCLE MESSENGER BOY



THE VISITOR to New York—and, in fact, the citizen—gives but a passing thought to the gray-uniformed messenger who is to be seen at all hours of the day and night, dodging a truck or cable-car here, an automobile or Victoria there, and taking his puny life in his hand at almost every corner with a degree of indifference to consequences which no competitor in a bicycle race ever felt. The bicycle mounted messenger boy of New York combines characteristics that should, in the ordinary course of events, win him distinction in after years—intrepidity and determination of character, honesty of purpose, physical bravery, and independence—all of those qualities to which the most eminent men of our country ascribe their success are essential qualities of the gray-coated messenger who rides a bicycle in the streets of New York.

The idea of equipping its messenger boys with bicycles occurred first to the Postal Telegraph Company. The experiment was first tried in Washington, where the asphalt street system was at the time more extensive and more admirably adapted to the use of the wheel than in any other city of the Union. It took but little time to demonstrate the utility and complete success of the venture, and the Postal Company lost no time in extending the service to its branches in the larger cities of the Union. About the same time the A.D.T. service was inaugurated, and these two great corporations to-day employ thousands of boys who are engaged in distributing messages and conveying answers thereto with a degree of despatch that was unknown prior to the adoption of the bicycle. In the crowded sections of great cities, the wheel, for obvious reasons, is not employed in this service, but in the residential and suburban districts it has become almost invaluable, so much so that the caller of the messenger to-day at any of the uptown hotels is disappointed when a foot messenger responds to his call.

It is a comparatively easy matter to cover a prescribed distance on a bicycle track in competition; therein, generalship, endurance and speed are the main qualifications; but when the rider is called upon to cover miles upon miles of crowded city thoroughfares the messenger boy displays daily a degree of courage that the racing man is rarely called upon to exhibit.

There is as keen a spirit of rivalry between these lads for honors in their calling as exists to-day among any class of public servants or officials. New York enjoys many and varied branches of public service, but every metropolitan citizen knows, from a wide knowledge in not a few such branches, that it is indebted to no class to a greater degree than the messenger boy of New York, particularly the boy who renders such service a-wheel.

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Her Pure and Clear Complexion Not For Sale.

A Cornell girl was put on a Grape-Nuts diet and discovered some facts. She says: "While a student at Cornell I suffered from improper diet. The banquets and other social functions—with their rich refreshments—served to completely upset a stomach already weak from rich pastry, highly seasoned meats, and confections furnished by loving parents at home.

I became irritable, nervous, and my appetite became more and more capricious. Only rich, highly seasoned food suited me, and this further wrecked my health. I was sallow, having lost my pink and white complexion. I became dull eyed and dull brained, the victim of agonizing dyspepsia and intestinal trouble.

I was finally forced to leave school and came home an irritable, wretchedly sick girl. The plainest food disagreed with me, and I bade fair to starve to death, when a physician advised my physician to put me on Grape-Nuts Food diet. To make a long story short, the transformation from wretched ill health to good health was marvelous. I liked the new food so well, and it agreed with my tortured stomach perfectly, regulated my bowels, my headaches left, and the color of the skin gradually grew better. In 8 months I found myself rosy, plump, and strong.

I would not sell my clear complexion, bright eyes and general good feeling for the costliest, richest mess of Delmonican pottage.

I returned to Cornell, finished my course, and can now study, think and live. The food that enabled me to regain my health I shall never forget." Name furnished by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.

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H. S. Blake & Co., Dept. H, Racine, Wis.

THE TEXAS OIL BOOM

(SEE PAGE 8)

ON THE 9th day of January last a party of prospectors boring for oil about three miles south of Beaumont, Texas, were rewarded for their efforts in a remarkable way. Of a sudden the ground heaved, and seven hundred feet of pipe, forced by the tremendous pressure from beneath, were hurled out of the earth in a twisted mass. Then the immense hole belched forth earth, gas and rock, until finally, with a mighty roar, a six-inch stream of oil came flowing forth at the tremendous rate of 70,000 barrels a day. No preparations had been made for capping the well or storing the oil which had appeared thus unexpectedly, and in the nine days which intervened before pipes and other material could be brought from the East the wonderful hole had belched forth half a million barrels of oil. The accompanying photographs give some idea of this tremendous waste.

So far eleven wells have been discovered in this district, with an average total daily yield of 500,000 barrels, and from all prospects this is only the beginning. It is said that the present find promises more oil than the world's entire output, including all the American and wonderful Russian fields. Thousands are digging for oil, and, judging from the reports of geological experts, the entire country around Beaumont is very likely one immense oil lake. Standard Oil officials who have been on the ground say that the discovery is so stupendous that it amazes even them, and they do not know what the final outcome will be. Patilio Higgins of Beaumont first called attention to the presence of oil wells near the town some years ago. But to A. F. Lucas, a prospector attracted thither by Higgins' statements, belongs the credit of discovering the first "gusher," after vanquishing disappointments and difficulties.

Some idea of the vastness of the thing can be formed when it is stated that the first five wells to "come in" gushed about 200,000 barrels a day, or 73,000,000 barrels a year. The entire United States in 1900 had an output of 58,000,000 barrels. When the oil excitement began, property in and around Beaumont and in the heart of the oil district could be had for from six to twenty dollars the acre. A week later property had gone up to several hundred dollars an acre. As people poured in and the excitement increased, prices rose until certain lands were sold at the incredible sum of \$125,000 per acre. Values went up in proportion for tens of miles surrounding the treasure land, prices being regulated according to the proximity of the wells. Soon the town was filled with thousands and thousands of strangers, all coming with money to invest, some with large sums and some with smaller amounts—but all expecting to get rich. The Southern Pacific, the only road from Houston into Beaumont, added extra train after extra train, and at that could hardly accommodate the thousands making for the new fields. On Sundays low rates are made from all over the South, and on that day an average of 50,000 people visit Beaumont.

Land values soared up, and property values increased to the extent of fortunes overnight. Lands which could be bought for a few hundreds one week sold for fabulous thousands the following. Speculation was rampant. One piece of property changed hands seven times in one day, the original purchaser owning it twice in that time. The city was unable to cope with the situation in the way of office facilities, and thousands of people transacted their business on the streets. Nowhere in this country is money so plentiful now, and the wonderful part of the whole thing is that all the transactions are in cash—not checks or drafts, but money. Thousand and five thousand dollar bills are handled in the most casual manner.

Options on property are given for a few hours only, and deals involving hundreds of thousands of dollars are made on street corners. Transfers of property for thousands are made so quickly that your head swims. Everybody has money and everybody is investing it. Booths have been constructed on the streets and rented at prices that valuable city blocks would bring. Money is so plentiful that people almost cease to value it. The situation is unique in the history of the country. Texas and Southern banks are already beginning to feel the enormous drain made on them, and the excitement, thus far local to the South, is now beginning to spread to the North and East.

In the South the one topic of conversation is oil, oil, oil. Even the President's tour has faded into insignificance. Daily almost, other wells are due to "come in."

Beaumont, with its overcrowded thousands, is the centre of it all. Fortunes beyond belief are daily made. People once without means are becoming millionaires. When the excitement has finally steadied down, and the true extent of the fields ascertained, many will come out wealthy, but more by far will be impoverished. **ALBERT D. LASKER.**

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Nearly everyone will admit that as a nation we eat too much meat and too little of vegetables and the grains.

For business men, office men and clerks, and in fact everyone engaged in sedentary or indoor occupations, grains, milk and vegetables are much more healthful.

Only men engaged in a severe outdoor manual labor can live on a heavy meat diet and continue in health.

As a general rule, meat once a day is sufficient for all classes of men, women and children, and grains, fruit and vegetables should constitute the bulk of food eaten.

But many of the most nutritious foods are difficult of digestion and it is of no use to advise brain workers to eat largely of grains and vegetables where the digestion is too weak to assimilate them properly.

It is always best to get the best results from our food, that some simple and harmless digestive should be taken after meals to assist the relaxed digestive organs, and several years' experience have proven Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to be a very safe, pleasant and effective digestive and a remedy which may be taken daily with the best results.

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THE FIRE CALAMITY AT JACKSONVILLE

(SEE PAGE 9)

SHORTLY after noon, on Saturday, May 4, a fire broke out in Jacksonville, Florida, which proved by far the most disastrous in the history of that city. It is supposed that the conflagration originated in the American Fibre Company's factory, at the corner of Davis and Union Streets. At any rate, by ten at night the flames, which at that hour were under control, had consumed some fifteen hundred houses, had rendered at least ten thousand people homeless, had destroyed property valued at eleven million dollars, and, far worse still, had cut off several human lives. By the time mentioned the fire had virtually burned itself out. The space that was swept clean is bounded on the north by Burbridge Street and on the south by the St. John's River, a distance of something like two miles, the width of the area desolated being thirteen blocks.

There was some delay in getting the fire-engines to the spot, and, after the fire had reached Julia Street, it was recognized that ordinary means of fighting it would be of no avail. While the local military companies kept the crowds behind the danger line, the firemen exploded quantities of dynamite. Many houses were thus blown up, but the wind was so strong that it carried the fire over the gaps. After eating its way as far as the Hogan's Creek Viaduct, the insatiable monster turned about and assailed the chief commercial thoroughfare, Bay Street. Churches, schools, hotels, municipal buildings, dry-goods establishments, groceries, drug stores—all went down without the possibility of being saved.

Although little disorder occurred, martial law was proclaimed, the State militia being called out and posted all over the city. Such of the inhabitants as were able took themselves by railroad and steamers to outlying places. Provisions and various other prime necessities were, of course, not superabundant in what was left of Jacksonville, and hundreds of families, originally poor, now found themselves utterly destitute. Immediately a number of philanthropic and public-spirited men inaugurated a relief fund for the sufferers, which quickly rose to fifteen thousand dollars. Besides, a commissariat was established by the military authorities, for the procuring and proper distribution of food supplies. Establishments soon began to pour in from neighboring towns in special relief trains and boats, and cash subscriptions were raised as far north as New York. At the metropolis, the Merchants' Association was especially active and munificent in propagating the good work; three days after the mishap the first relief train had been despatched, containing mainly clothing and comestibles.

Meanwhile, the Governors of the States adjacent to Florida were asked for all the tents they could spare, and the Mayor of Jacksonville sent an official telegram to the Secretary of War for aid. Mr. Root in answer promptly ordered one thousand hospital tents—then at St. Asaph's, Va., and at Philadelphia—to be forwarded to the afflicted city. He also offered the use of the barracks at Fort Barrancas, near St. Augustine, whither, accordingly, some two thousand persons set out, in the hope of receiving temporary accommodation. And, finally, the St. Francis barracks at Jacksonville were, upon instructions from Washington, placed at the disposal of the Mayor, these buildings being estimated to house one thousand people.

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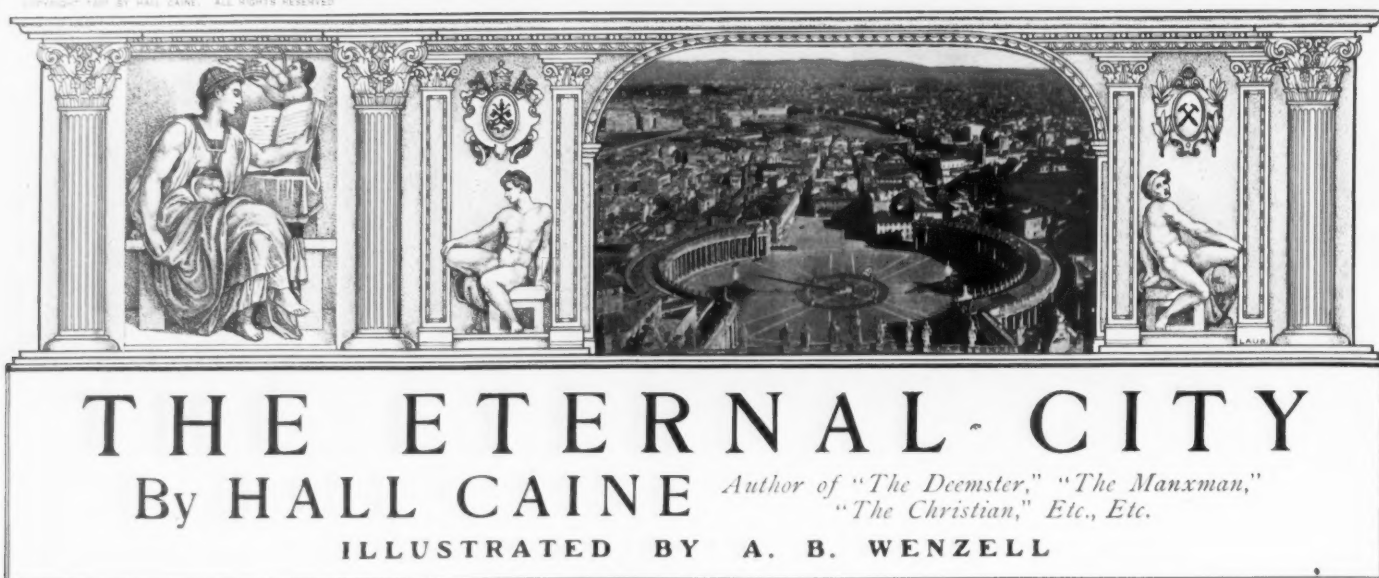
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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy comrade, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there also, and gossip connects her name with that of her kinsman, Baron Bonanno, Prime Minister of Italy. In a public speech David alludes to this scandal, the consequence being that an intrigue is set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi offering Roma amends, she ceases to wish for vengeance, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. Incidentally Rossi falls into discredit with his party because of his opposition to violent methods. He finds occasion to deliver a message to Roma sent from Elba, where her father had died, saying that the Prince had been deceived back to Italy and deported at the instance of Bonanno. The Baron now informs Roma that years ago David Rossi was an abettor of Volonna's schemes against the Italian Government, by whom he was condemned to death, but that he had hitherto escaped identification. Bonanno desires Roma, as the only person able to do so, to swear to David's personality, which she declares she will not do, confessing that she loves him. After leaving the Baron, she is called upon by an old servant with his little son, to whom Rossi has been kind. They bring her a letter from Rossi.

II—(Continued)



BEFORE GOING to sleep that night, Roma switched on the light that hung above her head and read her letter again. She had been hoarding it up for that secret hour, and now she was alone with it, and all the world was still.

"SATURDAY NIGHT.

"MY DEAR ONE—Your sweet letter brought me the intoxication of delight, and the momentous matter you speak of is under way. It is my turn to be ashamed of all the great to-do I made of the obstacles to our union, when I see how courageous you can be. Oh, how brave women are—all women—every woman who ever marries a man! To take her heart into her hands, and face the unknown in the fate of another being, to trust her life into his keeping, knowing that if he falls she falls too, and will never be the same again! What *woman* could do it? Not one who was ever born into the world. Yet some woman does it every day, promising some

man that she will—let me finish your quotation—

"Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands."

"Dearest, I have got the better of our bargain, and if I held off it was partly because I knew it must be so. But what children we are, men and women who love each other, standing aloof with a shy fear of each other, when we should join hands and play. I wanted you every moment, and it was terrible to have the dearest thing in the world within one's reach and feel compelled to put it away. But that is all over now. I am going to live at last, to face the world with a new front, and to leave the future in the hands of God.

"Don't think I am too much troubled about the Minghetti matter, and yet it is pitiful to think how merciless the world can be even in the matter of a man's name. A name is only a word, but it is everything to the man who bears it—honor or dishonor, poverty or wealth, a blessing or a curse. If it is a good name, everybody tries to take it away from him, but if it's a bad name and he has attempted to drop it, everybody tries to fix it on him afresh.

"The name I was compelled to leave behind me when I returned to Italy was a bad name in nothing except that it was the name of my father, and if the spies and ferrets of authority ever fix it upon me, God only knows what mischief they will do. But one thing I know—that if they do fix my father's name upon me, and bring me to the penalties which the law has imposed upon it, it will not be by help of my darling, my beloved, my brave, brave girl with the heart of gold.

"Dearest, I wrote to the Capitol immediately on receiving your letter, and to-morrow morning I will go down myself to see that everything is in train. I don't yet know how

many days are necessary to the preparations, but earlier than Thursday it would not be wise to fix the event, seeing that Wednesday is the day of the great mass meeting in the Coliseum, and, although the police have proclaimed it, I have told the people they are to come. There is some risk at the outset, which it would be reckless to run, and, in any case, the time is short.

"Good-night! I can't take my pen off the paper. Writing to you is like talking to you, and every now and then I stop and shut my eyes, and hear your voice replying. Only it is myself who makes the answers, and they are not half so sweet as they would be in reality. Ah, dear heart, if you only knew how my life was full of silence until you came into it, and now it is full of music! Good-night, again!—D. R.

"SUNDAY MORNING.

"Just returned from the Capitol. The legal notice for the celebration of a marriage is longer than I expected. It seems that the ordinary term is twelve days at least, covering two successive Sundays (on which the act of publication is posted on the board outside the office) and three days over. For grave and extreme reasons, one of these Sundays, or even both, may be dispensed with, but I saw no ground on which we could swear before a magistrate that our case was as urgent as death, so I submitted to the usual regularity, furnished the necessary particulars, and the first of our banns has been published to-day. Only twelve days more, my dear one, and you will be mine, mine, mine, and all the world will know!"

It took Roma a good three-quarters of an hour to read this letter, for nearly every other word seemed to be written out of a lover's lexicon, which bore secret meanings of delicious import and imperiously demanded their physical response. At length she put it between the pillow and her cheek, to help the sweet delusion that she was cheek to cheek with some one and had his strong, protecting arms about her. Then she lay a long time, with eyes open and shining in the darkness, trying in vain to piece together the features of his face. But in the first dream of her first sleep she saw him plainly, and she ran, she raced, she rushed to his embrace.

Next day brought a message from the Baron:

"DEAR ROMA—Come to the Palazzo Braschi to-morrow (Tuesday) morning at eleven o'clock. Don't refuse, and don't hesitate. If you do not come, you will regret it as long as you live, and reproach yourself for ever afterward.—Yours, BONNINO."

III

THE Palazzo Braschi is a triangular palace, whereof one front faces to the Piazza Navona and the two other fronts to side streets. A magnificent staircase, with sixteen columns of Oriental granite, six colossal statues, and a narrow rivulet of frayed and dirty druggot meandering up its marble steps, leads to a cheerless hall on the topmost story, where messengers and porters sit and lounge in slack and untidy uniforms. This is the entrance to the Cabinet of the Minister of the Interior, usually the President of the Council and Prime Minister of Italy.

Roma arrived at eleven o'clock, and was taken to the Minister's room immediately, by way of an outer chamber, in which colleagues and secretaries were waiting their turn for an interview. The Baron was seated at a table covered with books and papers. There was a fur rug across his knees, and at his right hand lay a small ivory-handled revolver. He rose as Roma entered, and received her with his glacial politeness.

"How prompt! And how sweet you look to-day, my child! On a cheerless day like this you bring the sun itself into a poor Minister's gloomy cabinet. That simple black and white hat is charming. Sit down."

Roma was not deceived by the false accent of his welcome.

"You wished to see me?" she said.

He rested his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand, looked at her with his never-varying smile, and said:

"I hear you are to be congratulated, my dear."

She changed color slightly.

"Are you surprised that I know?" he asked.

"Why should I be surprised?" she answered. "You know everything. Besides, this is published at the Capitol, and therefore common knowledge."

His smiling face remained perfectly impassive.

"Now I understand what you meant on Sunday. It is a fact that a wife cannot be called as a witness against her husband. I am beaten. I confess it, and I congratulate you on your acuteness."

She knew he was watching her face as if looking into the inmost recesses of her soul.

"But isn't it a little courageous of you to think of marriage?"

"Why courageous?" she asked, but her eyes fell and the color mounted to her cheek.

"Why courageous?" he repeated. He allowed a short time to elapse, then he said in a low tone, "Considering the past, and all that has happened. . ."

Her eyelids trembled and she rose to her feet.

"If this is all you wished to say to me. . ."

"No, no! Sit down, my child. I sent for you in order to show you that the marriage you contemplate may be difficult, perhaps impossible."

"I am of age—there can be no impediment."

"There may be the greatest of all impediments, my dear."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean. . . but wait! You are not in a hurry? A number of gentlemen are waiting to see me, and if you will permit me to ring for my secretary. . . don't move. Col-

leagues merely! They will not object to your presence. My ward, you know—almost a member of my own household. Ah, here is the Secretary. Who now?"

"The Minister of War, the Prefect, Commendatore Angeli and one of his delegates," replied the Secretary.

"Bring the Prefect first," said the Baron, and a severe-looking man of military bearing entered the room.

"Come in, Senator. You know Donna Roma. Our business is urgent—she will allow us to go on. I am anxious to hear how things stand and what you are doing."

The Prefect began on his report. Immediately the decree law came into operation he had sent out a circular to all the Mayors in his province, stating the powers it gave the police to dissolve associations and to forbid public meetings.

"But what can we expect to do in the provincial towns, your Excellency, while in the capital we are doing nothing? The chief of all subversive societies is in Rome, and the directing mind is at large among ourselves? Listen to this, sir."

The Prefect took a newspaper from his pocket and began to read:

"ROMANS—The new decree law is an attempt to deprive us of liberties which our fathers made revolutions to establish. It is, therefore, our duty to resist it, and to this end we must hold our meeting on the first of February according to our original intention. Only thus can we show the Government and the King what it is to oppose the public opinion of the world. . . Meet in the Piazza del Popolo at sundown and walk to the Coliseum by way of the Corso. Be peaceful and orderly, and God put it into the hearts of your rulers to avert bloodshed."

"That is from the 'Sunrise'?"

"Yes, sir; the last of many manifestoes. And what is the result? The people are flocking into Rome from every part of the province."

"And how many political pilgrims are here already?"

"Fifty thousand, sixty, perhaps a hundred thousand. It cannot be allowed to go on, your Excellency."

"It is a *levée-en-masse* certainly. What do you advise?"

"First, that the 'Sunrise' be sequestered."

"We'll speak of that presently. Next?"

"Next, that the correspondents of foreign newspapers who send false inventions and exaggerations abroad should be delicately conducted over the frontier."

"And next?"

"That the enemies of the Government and the State, whose erroneous conceptions of liberty have led to this burst of radical and anarchist feeling, should be left to the operation of the police laws."

The Baron glanced at Roma. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were flashing.

"That," he said, "may be difficult, considering the number of the discontented. What is the power of your police?"

"Six hundred in uniform, four hundred in plain clothes, and five hundred and fifty civil guards. Besides these, sir, there are six thousand carabinieri and ten thousand troops."

"Seventeen thousand five hundred in all?"

"Precisely; and what is that against fifty, a hundred, perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand people?"

"You want the army at call?"

"Exactly; but above everything else we want the permission of the Government to deal with the greater delinquents, whether Deputies or not, according to the powers given us by the Statute."

The Baron rose and held out his hand. "Thanks, Senator! The Government will consider your suggestions immediately. Be good enough to send in my colleague, the Minister of War."

When the Prefect left the room Roma rose to go.

"You cannot suppose this is very agreeable to me?" she said, in an agitated voice.

"Wait! I shall not be long. . . Ah, General Morra! Roma, you know the General, I think. Sit down, both of you. . . Well, General, you hear of this *levée-en-masse*?"

"I do."

"The Prefect is satisfied that the people are moved by a true and real revolutionary organization, and he is anxious to know what force we can put at his service to control it."

The General detailed his resources. There were sixteen thousand always under arms in Rome, and the War Office had called up the old-timers of two successive years—perhaps fifty thousand men in all.

"As a Minister of State and your colleague," said the general, "I am at one with you in your desire to safeguard the cause of order and to protect public institutions, but as a man and a Roman I cannot but hope that you will not call upon me to act without the conditions and circumstances required by law."

"Indeed, no," said the Baron; "and in order to make sure that our instructions are carried out with wisdom and humanity, let these be the orders you issue to your staff: First, that in case of disturbance to-morrow night, whether at the Coliseum or elsewhere, the officers must wait for the proper signal from the Delegate of Police."

"Good!"

"Next, that on receiving the order to fire, the soldiers must be careful that their first volley goes over the heads of the people."

"Excellent!"

"If that does not disperse the crowds, if they throw stones on the soldiers or otherwise rebel, the second volley—I see no help for it—the second volley, I say, must be fired at the persons who are leading on the ignorant and deluded mob."

"Ah!"

The General hesitated, and Roma, whose breathing came quick and short, gave him a look of tenderness and gratitude.

"You agree, General Morra?"

"I'm afraid I see no alternative. But if the blood of their leader only infuriates the people, is the third volley . . ."

"That," said the Baron, "is a contingency too terrible to contemplate. My prediction would be that when their leader fell, the poor misguided people will fly. But in all human enterprises the last word has to be left to destiny. Let us leave it to destiny in the present instance. Adieu, dear General! Be good enough to tell my secretary to send in the Chief of Police."

The Minister of War left the room, and once more Roma rose to go.

"You cannot possibly imagine that a conversation like this . . ." she began, but the Baron only interrupted her again.

"Don't go yet. I shall be finished presently. Angelelli cannot keep me more than a moment. Ah, here is the Commendatore."

The Chief of Police came bowing and bobbing at every step, with the extravagant politeness which differentiates the vulgar from the well-bred man.

"About this meeting at the Coliseum, Commendatore—has any authorization been asked for it?"

"None whatever, your Excellency."

"Then we may properly regard it as seditious?"

"Quite properly, your Excellency."

"Listen! You will put yourself into communication with the Minister of War immediately. He will place fifty thousand men at the disposition of your Prefect. Choose your delegates carefully. Instruct them well. At the first overt act of rebellion let them give the word to fire. After that, leave everything to the military."

"Quite so, your Excellency."

"Be careful to keep yourself in touch with me until midnight to-morrow. It may be necessary to declare a state of siege, and in that event the royal decree will have to be obtained without delay. Prepare your own staff for a general order. Ask for the use of the cannon of St. Angelo as a signal, and let it be understood that if the gun is fired to-morrow night every gate of the city is to be closed, every railroad train is to be stopped, and every telegraph office is to be put under control. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, Excellency."

"After the signal has been given let no one leave the city, no telegraphic message of any kind be despatched. In short, let Rome from that hour onward be entirely under the control of the Government."

"Entirely, your Excellency."

"The military have already received their orders. After the call of the Delegate of Police, the first volley is to be fired

over the heads of the people and the second at the ringleaders and chief rioters. But if any of these should escape . . ."

The Baron paused, and then repeated in a low tone with the utmost deliberation:

"I say, if any of these should escape, Commendatore . . ."

"They shall not escape, your Excellency."

There was a moment of profound silence, in which Roma felt herself to be suffocating, and could scarcely restrain the cry that was rising in her throat.

"Let me go," she said, when the Chief of Police had backed and bowed himself out; but again the Baron pretended to misunderstand her.

"Only one more visitor! I shall be finished in a few minutes," and then Charles Minghetti was shown into the room.

The man's watchful eyes blinked perceptibly as he came face to face with Roma; but he recovered himself in a mo-

bellion has been committed. That is necessary as well for the safety of our poor, deluded people as for our own credit in the eyes of the world. But an act of rebellion in such a case is a little thing, Mr. Minghetti."

Again Minghetti bent his head.

"A blow, a shot, a shower of stones, and the peace is broken and the Delegate is justified."

A third time Minghetti bent his head.

"Unfortunately, in the sorrowful circumstances in which the city is placed an overt act of rebellion is quite sure to be committed."

Minghetti flicked a speck of dust from his spotless cuff and said:

"Quite sure, your Excellency."

There was another moment of profound silence in which Roma felt her heart beat violently.

"Adieu, Mr. Minghetti. Tell my secretary as you pass out that I wish to dictate a letter."

The letter was to the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"Dear Colleague," dictated the Baron, "I entirely approve of the proposal you have made to the Governments of Europe and America to establish a basis on which anarchists can be suppressed by means of an international net through which they can with difficulty escape. My suggestion would be the universal application of the Belgian clause in all existing extradition treaties, whereby persons guilty of regicide, or charged with regicide, may be dealt with as common murderers. In any case, please say that the Government of Italy intends to do its duty to the civilized world, and will look to the Governments of other countries to allow it to follow up and arrest the criminals who are attempting to reconstruct society by burying it under ruins."

Notwithstanding all her efforts to appear calm, Roma felt as if she must go out into the streets and scream. Now she knew what she had been sent for. It was in order that the Baron might talk to her in parables—in order that he might show her, by means of an object lesson as palpable as pitiless, what was the impediment which made her marriage with David Rossi impossible.

The marriage could not be celebrated until after eleven days, but the meeting at the Coliseum must take place to-morrow, and as surely as it did so it must result in riot and David Rossi must be shot!

The Secretary gathered up his notebook and left the room, and then the Baron turned to Roma with beaming eyes, and lips expanding to a smile.

"Finished at last! A thousand apologies, my dear! Twelve o'clock already! Let us go out and lunch somewhere."

"Let me go home," said Roma.

She was trembling violently, and as she rose to her feet she swayed a little.

"My dear child! You're not well. Take this glass of water."

"It's nothing. Let me go home, I say!"

The Baron walked with her to the head of the staircase.

"I understand you perfectly," she said, in a choking voice, "but there is something you have not counted with and you are quite mistaken." And, making a great call on her resolution, she threw up her head and walked firmly down the stairs.

Immediately on reaching home she wrote to David Rossi:

"I MUST see you to-night. Where can it be? To-night! Mind, to-night! To-morrow will be too late.—ROMA."

Bruno delivered the note by hand and brought back an answer:

"DEAREST—Come to the office at nine o'clock. Sorry I cannot go to you. It is impossible.—D. R."

"P.S.—You have converted Bruno and he would die for you. As for the 'little Roman boy,' he is in the seventh heaven over your presents, and says he must go up to Trinità dei Monti to begin work at once."

IV

THE atmosphere of a newspaper office when the journal is going to press is like the atmosphere of a steamship at sea at the beginning of the night. If all goes well, the movement is as regular and drowsy as that of the engines whose monotone-



SHE THREW UP HER HEAD AND WALKED FIRMLY DOWN THE STAIRS

ment, and began to brush with his fingers the breast of his frock coat and to twirl his black mustache.

"Sit down, Minghetti. You may speak freely before Donna Roma. You owe your position to her generous influence, you may remember, and she is abreast of all our business. You've seen the Attorney-General again?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what is his decision?"

"The same as before. He declines to ask Parliament for the arrest of a Deputy until he is in a position to complete an instruction that will satisfy his conscience and the law."

"Very well! In that case we must find some other means of overtaking the delinquents who, though guilty, are protected by their privilege. . . . You know all about this meeting at the Coliseum?"

Minghetti bent his head.

"The Delegates of Police have received the strictest orders not to give the word to the military until an overt act of re-



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CHICAGO

nous beat is heard from below, but if anything unusual occurs outside, the air within is quickened by many currents, and there is a haunting sense of disaster which is only allayed by the light of morning and the sight of port.

The office of the "Sunrise" at nine o'clock that night tingled with excitement. An outer sheet had already gone to press, and the machines in the basement were working rapidly. In the business office on the first floor people were constantly coming and going, and the footsteps on the stairs of the composing-room sounded through the walls like the irregular beat of a hammer.

The door of the Editor's room was frequently swinging open, as reporters with reports, messengers with telegrams and boys with proofs came in and laid them on the desk at which the sub-editor sat at work.

David Rossi stood by his desk at the further end of the room. This was the last night of his editorship of the "Sunrise," and by various silent artifices the staff were showing their sympathy with the man who had made it, and was forced to leave it.

One by one they came for counsel, or to take his last commands. He smiled at them with his tired and kindly smile, but seemed scarcely conscious of their attentions. His hair was slightly disordered, his loose necktie had fallen out of its knot, and he looked preoccupied and distraught.

The excitement within the office of the "Sunrise" corresponded to the commotion outside. The city was in a ferment, and from time to time unknown persons, the spontaneous reporters of tumultuous days, were brought in from the outer office to give the Editor the latest news of the night. Another trainful of people had arrived from Milan! Still another from Bologna and Carrara! The storm was growing! Soon would be heard the crash of war! Their faces were eager, and their tone was one of triumph. They pitched their voices high, so as to be heard above the reverberations of the machines, whose deep thud in the rooms below made the walls vibrate like the sides of a ship at sea.

David Rossi did not catch the contagion of their joy. At every fresh announcement his face clouded. The unofficial head of the surging and straining democracy, which was filling itself hourly with hopes and dreams, was unhappy and perplexed. He was trying to write his last message to his people, and he could not get it clear because his own mind was confused.

"Romans," he wrote first, "your rulers are preparing to resist your right of meeting, and you have nothing to oppose to the muskets and bayonets of their military, but the bare breasts of a brave but peaceful people. No matter! Fifty, a hundred, five hundred of you killed at the first volley, and the day is won! The reactionary Government of Italy—all the reactionary Governments of Europe—will be borne down by the righteous indignation of the world."

It would not do! He had no right to leave the people to certain slaughter, and he tore up his manifesto and began again.

"Romans," he wrote the second time, "when reforms cannot be effected without the spilling of blood, the time for them has not yet come, and it is the duty of a brave and peaceful people to wait for the silent operation of natural law and the mighty help of moral forces. Therefore, at the eleventh hour I call upon you in the names of your wives and children to desist from protest, to submit to tyranny, to abandon demonstration which can only be made at the risk of your lives, and to leave it to Almighty God to find some other way by which the world may hear the voice of the cry of your suffering."

It was impossible! The people would think he was afraid, and the opportune moment would be lost.

One man in the office of the "Sunrise" was entirely outside the circle of its electric currents. This was the former day editor who had been appointed by the proprietors to take Rossi's place, and was now walking about with a silk hat on the crown of his head, taking note of everything and exercising a premature and gratuitous supervision. Tomorrow everything would be changed; the subversive policy of the "Sunrise" would give place to a loyal constitutionalism, and the tattered demagogues of the streets would be no more seen within its walls.

David Rossi was tearing up the second of his manifestoes when this person came to say that a lady in the outer office was asking to see him.

"Show her into the private waiting-room," said Rossi.

"But may I suggest," said the man, "that considering who the lady is, it would perhaps be better to see her elsewhere?"

"Show her into the private room, sir," said Rossi, and the man shrugged his shoulders and disappeared.

As David Rossi opened the door of a small room at his right hand, something rustled lightly in the corridor outside, and a moment afterward Roma glided into his arms. She was pale and nervous, and after a moment she began to cry.

"Dear one," said Rossi, pressing her head against his breast, "what has happened? Tell me!"

He kissed her hands and her hair, and after

a while she lifted her face and their lips touched.

"Something has frightened you. You look anxious."

"No wonder," she said, and then she told him of her summons to the Palazzo Braschi, and of the business she saw done there.

There was to be a riot at the meeting in the Coliseum, because if need be the Government itself would provoke violence. The object was to kill him, not the people, and if he stayed in Rome until to-morrow night there would be no possibility of escape.

"My darling," she said, "you must fly. You are the victim marked out by all these preparations—you, you, nobody but you—and therefore I have come to warn you."

She was all in a tremor and her lips twitched with excitement, but his face cleared while she spoke and when she was done he smiled and kissed her.

"It is the best news I've heard for days," he said. "If I am the only one who runs a risk . . ."

"Risk! My dearest, don't you understand? Your life is in danger, and you must fly before it is quite impossible."

"It is already impossible," he answered. "At this time to-morrow it will be, for every gate will be closed and every train out of the city stopped. You must go to-night. To-morrow will be too late."

He drew off one of her white gloves and kissed her finger-tips. "My dear one," he said, "if there were nothing else to think of, do you suppose I could go away and leave you behind me? That is just what somebody expected me to do when he permitted you to witness his preparations. But he was mistaken. It is impossible. I cannot and I will not leave you."

Her pale face was suddenly overspread by a burning blush, and she threw both arms about his neck.

"Hush! Our marriage is nothing to anybody but ourselves, and if we choose to go without it . . ."

"My dear, pure girl!"

"I can't hear you," she said. Loosening her hands from his neck, she had covered her ears.

He held her close to him and said, "Dearest I know what you are thinking of, but it must not be."

"I can't hear a word you're saying," she said, beating her hands over her ears. "I am a woman, and yet I'm ready to go—now, this very minute—and if you don't take me it is because you are a man and you love other things better than you love me."

"My darling, don't tempt me. If you only knew what it costs me . . . but I would rather die . . ."

"I don't want you to die. That's just it! I want you to live, and I am willing to risk everything—everything . . ."

Her warm and lovely form was quivering in his arms, and his heart was laboring wildly.

"No, no, no!" he cried. "I love you too much. Think! Only think! Your father charged me to rescue you from a danger that threatened you, and shall I . . . Heaven forbid! I can't and I won't!"

Then a shiver ran over her and she buried her face in his breast.

"Dearest," he whispered over her head, "you are so good, so pure, so noble that you don't know how evil tongues can wag at a woman because she is brave and true. But I must remember my mother—and if your poor father is to rest in his grave . . ."

His voice broke and he stopped. She was breathing heavily, and holding on to him as if in fear that she would fall.

"See how much I love you," he whispered again, "when I would rather lose you than see you lower yourself in your own esteem . . . And then think of my people! My poor people who trust me and look up to me so much more than I deserve. I called them and they have come. They are here now, tens and tens of thousands of them. And they will be here to-morrow wherever I may be. Shall I desert them in their hour of need, thinking of my own safety, my own happiness? No! You cannot wish it! You do not wish it! I know you too well! Roma! My Roma!"

She lifted her head from his breast. "You are right," she said. "You must stay."

"That's better."

"I must be brave," she said, drawing herself up proudly, though her lips were trembling, her voice was breaking and her eyes were wet. "That's what a woman must be if she is the wife of a man who has a man's work to do in the world, and a high and noble mission."

"My brave girl!"

She gave him a sudden kiss, and then looked out of his arms.

"I must be going. I've stayed too long. I may not see you before the meeting, but I won't say 'Good-by!'"

"My brave, brave girl!"

"Oh, it isn't that. I've thought of something, and now I know what I'm going to do."

She opened the door. "Come to me to-morrow night—I shall expect you," she whispered, and, waving her glove to him over her head, she disappeared from the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



WERE NEW YORK a single building, 't would show a lot of shattered window-panes, shutters wrenched from hinges, doors battered in—these breaches representing the raids with axes and revolvers of a band of respectable citizens called The Committee of Fifteen. Peer into the places thus exposed and you would be confronted by hideous faces, lepers of vice and crime, diseased, bestial, gluttonous. Watch and you would see the Police Department, accompanied by certain city politicians, patrolling the dark corridors of the building, and at regular intervals hands would protrude from various doors—horny hands, jewelled hands—offering miserable money. And the ordinary policemen would get copper, the captains would get silver, while deputies, commissioners and politicians would get gold. To direct public attention to this structure, the Fifteen in the last two months has raided half a hundred gambling-houses, poolrooms, brothels and disorderly resorts.

In the beginning of the present crusade, up rose Bishop Potter, throwing a searchlight upon the immorality and crime of the district of "red lights" on the East Side. Tammany thereupon appointed a Committee of Five. That was early in the winter. The Five did nothing until the 18th of February, when it made a single raid—on the Parole Club, a poolroom in Dey Street—a spectacular incursion in which Holahan, Tammany's President of the Board of Public Improvements, and a few police officers were captured—and let go. Even the witnesses were "allowed" to escape; the raid was a fiasco.

Then the farcical Five said farewell, and a committee composed of fifteen rich merchants, bankers, scholars, publishers, was formed. This committee appointed John McCullagh to be chief of its detective service, and surrendered executive leadership to a valiant, square-jawed young Justice, Jerome. Now the Committee furnishes the money, McCullagh's sleuths gather the evidence, Jerome issues warrants and leads the raids in person to see that his warrants are executed. "Our main object," says Jerome, "is to discover and punish the men who have turned the police force into a blackmailing scheme. You can't wipe out vice or crime in this city until you make it impossible for the police to give 'protection.'"

But this is not the tale of the Why of the Fifteen's raids; it is the story of How.

CONSTERNATION IN THE TENDERLOIN

On the occasion of the Fifteen's first raid, February 26, it so happened that early in the evening the sergeants in charge of the two Tenderloin Police Stations sent out word to the

gambling-houses in their precincts that an "inspection" would take place before midnight. Plain clothes' men, who, to the outside world, are not known to have connection with the police, went from place to place, giving ample notice to each and stopping here and there for a "nip," as they had done on many previous visits of like import. Now, in playing this farce, it is the business of the gamblers to lift the wheels out of roulette-tables, hide the same, and put chips and cards and other paraphernalia in a safe. Evidence thus removed, the actors then retire from the stage; that is, they vanish, take a walk, go to bed, leaving only one "servant" at the house to open the door. Such was the programme observed on the present evening. An hour or two after each house received warning of "inspection," a policeman in uniform rang the bell, the negro "servant" admitted the officer, showed him upstairs and down and out again. Then each officer hurried back to his station-house and made this report:

"I have inspected the houses named on the list you gave me, sergeant, and found no violation of the law."

Happening, as this "inspection" did, on the very night the Fifteen had set for the raid, and including as it did the eight houses the Committee were to visit, a cynic might say that the police had "tipped the bunch." No! The reason the Fifteen found most of the houses dark that night, the reason they got so few prisoners, was because, an hour or so before the raid, the police "inspected," not tipped.

ENTER THE FIFTEEN, ARMED CAP-A-PIE

At 11.15 the sergeant at the Thirtieth Street Station sat examining his blotter in a sleepy way when eleven men appeared, all in evening dress. "I am Judge Jerome," said their leader, "and these gentlemen are lawyers and members of the Committee of Fifteen. I have warrants here for persons in several gambling-houses. We would like police assistance." Jerome knew that at this hour the "late tour" men would be lined up in the "section-room," preparatory to going out to relieve the "early tours." He had timed his visit accordingly. In squads of five the "late tour" men were now told off, a lawyer in command of each squad.

Into the Tenderloin sallied forth they then, each squad bound for a different house. As the last man filtered through the door, the sergeant lay back in his chair, acting like a victim of laughing gas.

Advance guards had been thrown out in the form of detectives, who had gathered the evidence upon which the warrants had been secured. Each detective was assigned to the

house he had "worked," and where, of course, he would be known to the picket at the door. His duty was to hang around near the house until the raiding party approached, then rush up the stoop and prevent the picket from giving the alarm to the gamblers upstairs. The manner of dealing with the pickets, all negroes, was left to the individual discretion of the detective. In one case, it was found necessary to crack a black head. This was at the "Gibsey Club." It seems that by error the police walked by the house. "Here, this is it!" shouted the detective. The picket heard him, pushed a lot of electric buttons, then grappled with the detective, who wiped the floor of the vestibule with his antagonist's wool.

It chanced that this was one of the houses to which the manager and his "fleet" (assistants) had returned right after "inspection." When the raiders walked in over the prostrate picket, however, neither manager nor "fleet" was visible. At last they were found locked in an upper bedroom. The door was broken open, but the bed had been shoved against it. "Hand in the warrants, you devils!" shrieked the manager's wife. "This is our bedroom." But the five policemen pushed in door and bed together, and the manager was found in a closet crouching under a straw mattress, not unlike Wilkes Booth under the hay in the barn. This house, it is said, was run by a professional bondman.

DETECTIVES SUFFER STAGE FRIGHT

At Clarke's, in Forty-third Street, the raiders found a case of "cold feet"—not the only "cold feet" of that night, either. Feet of this kind, it should be explained, belong to detectives of the Fifteen who, because they have been gathering evidence in a certain house, are detailed to be in that house and among the players at the time of the raid, to prevent escapes, and, above all, to point out the persons for whom warrants have been issued. It is when these detectives, many of them young and new at sleuthing, become frightened at the last moment and run away never to sleuth again, that their feet are said to be anything but warm. At Clarke's, the sleuths had not only been attacked by coldness of feet themselves, but by running away had aroused the suspicions of everybody in the house, and they, too, had fled. The raiders, therefore, found gambling devices to the value of three thousand dollars, but not twopence worth in human spoils.

Up to this hour, now about 12.30, on this night, one of the "swaggerest" gambling-houses in the city was the Victoria Club, close to the Hotel Imperial. It was run by a Hebrew



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MOUNTED POLICE AND PATROL WAGON OFFICERS IN RESERVE

"gent," under patronage of a man known as the "Poolroom King." Here was either another case of "cold feet," or else the "fleet" had not yet returned from the outing made necessary by "inspection." In the dining room a table was laid, with crystal and silver and roses, as if the players had flown just as they were about to sit down to a banquet. The kitchen proved this theory correct. Here was a feast all ready to serve, from oysters to café noir. Upon this (so runs the story) the sleuths pounced, *sans* knives, *sans* forks, *sans* plates. One seized a whole chicken, tore it apart with both hands and then attacked the pieces after the manner of a cormorant. Another raider dropped oysters down his throat from the shells. A third emptied a box of *perfectos* into his hat. Number four put a bottle of whiskey in each of his coat-tail pockets. "I'll take 'em to wet the sergeant," he said. The fifth man was left in charge, and the looting of China was probably puerile sport compared to what that sleuth did to Clarke's when his mates had gone. Anyway, next day he said to a detective, "Say, when youse comin' again? I ain't had such a good time since the 'Goo Goo's.'" (Parkhurst Good Government Raids.)

Thus ended the Fifteen's initial raid, with gambling outfits worth twelve thousand dollars captured and eight houses closed—for one night at least—and sixteen prisoners, for whom Jerome held court in the Tenderloin station at two in the morning and accepted fifteen hundred dollars' bail for each.

On May 6, when the four principal gamblers caught that first night were called for trial all four had jumped their bail.

"GRAFT" BELOW "DEAD LINE"

While the Fifteen's first raid was still town talk, five men out of the West arrived in New York. Scattering in five directions, these Westerners proceeded to "size up" various buildings and landlords in the vicinity of Wall Street. Specifications for their kind of building called for a street entrance at least two minutes removed from the rooms they wished to occupy. The rooms themselves must have one or more rear exits. And the landlord must be "easy." Such a building and such rooms they found near Broad Street—and a landlord of the requisite easiness. The location was south of Fulton Street, the "Dead Line" established by Pinkerton, below which crooks are liable to arrest on sight, without formalities. But just the same our Western friends plunked down the cash for six months' rent, and were given a lease for the rooms to be used as quarters for the "Pennsylvania Club."

Then they went up to a place in Fourteenth Street, where mysterious contrivances and tables covered with green cloth are made for the "trade," and two days later the rooms of the "Pennsylvania Club" were ready for business—two roulette wheels, faro and crap layouts, and Klondike and poker boards.

That day the man who had rented the rooms called upon his tenants. "I'll have to double your rent, Barlow—understand?" Whereupon Frank Barlow, the head of the gang of five, counted out some money. "I'll have to brace the tools, you bet, to get that wad back," he said, meaning that he would have to sand the cards, load the dice and tinker with the wheels.

Just about this same time Barlow received a letter written on paper bearing the artist's imprint of a secret order of considerable renown throughout the country, the star of which, in New York, is a certain politician. All the members wear the pin of the society, proudly, just as other men wear the button of the Legion of Honor. The letter, dated Helena, Montana, read: "Dear Frank: I want to correspond with a man now in York, a faro dealer who worked in Mullan's Green House in Seattle. He is a skinner [one who cheats] and makes his own tools—something better than sand [cards sprinkled with diamond dust]. I want to get some of his tools. He is a hop fiend. He made an outfit recently—a very fine walnut faro-table went with it—this may give you an idea where to look for him. I did very well in Alaska, but it was too stiff [not possible to cheat]. I have a little horse here now, in Helena; gave a chunk [big roll of money] for it. Lit up, but run only a week. Just opened again—law changed from felony

to mere misdemeanor explains. I am picking [winning] the poker game regularly."

A "SPRING OPENING"—BARGAINS IN MONEY

On the 18th of March, the wheels in the Pennsylvania Club began to whirl, the cards to fly, the dice to rattle. The Westerners had employed the right runners to approach the right cotton brokers and industrious speculators of Wall Street and tip them off to the fact that a straight game could be found nearby.

On the very first day the proprietor made this entry in a small notebook: "Cash, \$3,000." At the close of the day he made these entries: "Lost, \$1,300; balance, \$1,700." But from that time until the day he was raided, thirty-six days in all, not once did he enter a loss as large, or even half as large, as that of the opening day. Evidently, by that one big loss, he had sown the seed of confidence among the members of the "Club." The day the note-book was confiscated, April 25, it showed him \$1,128 "to the good."

SLEUTHS PLAY ROUGE ET NOIR

One afternoon, two weeks before the raid, a man with a pock-marked face and the unmistakable swinging gait of the lockstep came in and greeted the proprietor familiarly. They spoke in low tones, and stood apart from the crowd, for the place was filled with men who, as the exchanges were closed and they could no more that day gamble in stocks, had come to the Club for another kind of game. "Yes, bring in your partner, Larry," said the gambler, "but you can't stay. With that mark on your forehead and that walk of yours—it won't do."

So "Larry," who was one of the Fifteen's stool pigeons (friends and associates of crooks), introduced his partner, a sad, saw-toothed man, who was one of the Fifteen's detectives. The sad fellow threw chips all over the roulette-table, won ten dollars, then lost twenty, thirty, forty. Then he asked for a "pasteboard" for a friend, and Barlow gave him a card which set forth that the holder was a member of the Pennsylvania Club. Next day that "pasteboard" was presented by a very fat young man, who brought with him a very thin young man. "That's all right, Cully, I'll answer for his Nibs," said the fat man to the doorkeeper, alluding to his friend. And they were allowed to enter—two sleuths for the Fifteen.

Neither the man with the tell-tale stride nor the sad detective again appeared at Barlow's, but the two sleuths just admitted came day after day, playing all the games. Such, with variations, is the *modus operandi* of the Fifteen's detective force, in all cases. After their first appearance the stool pigeon and the decoy detective vanish, so that no suspicion is attached to them by the guilty ones when trapped.

PROLOGUE OF THE RAID

Comes now the afternoon of the raid. It is a few minutes after three. Cotton brokers and other respectable Wall Street traders are arriving. They pass the picket at the Broad Street entrance, then take elevator up to the second floor, then walk along a hall till they come to a door which looks very ordinary on the hall side, but which, on the inner side, is lined with sheet-iron and fastened with two massive bolts that operate like those of a butcher's refrigerator. They knock—six raps. A flap on the other side of the door, like the flap of a letter-drop, is raised and a human eye can be seen. It is the yellow orb of the "nigger" doorkeeper. He recognizes the new-comers, or is shown their "pasteboard," and then up go the iron bolts with a sound like that of the unlocking of a prison gate. The "members" enter, and the door is again closed and barred.

Inside, the fat sleuth sits at a faro-table losing the Fifteen's money desperately. He sits near the "emergency" door, which all the "members" have been told leads into a hallway which, in turn, opens on New Street. "If you ever hear the buzzer, gentlemen," Barlow has told them, "use that door." The "buzzer" is an electric bell which, like a burglar alarm, will make an awful racket so long as its battery holds out. Now it is the duty of the fat man, when the trouble begins, to barricade that "emergency" door—with his dead body if necessary. Cold perspiration is now stealing down his apoplectic face.

RAPID ROLLER COPIER

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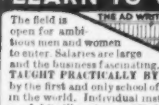
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A book exposing the awful swindles and humbugs of the U. S. Price 25c. silver, ERNEST L. MORRIS, Publisher, N. Y.



Lasting Popularity

only comes through intrinsic merit, and the high standard of

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has won the confidence of the public.

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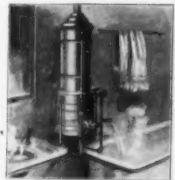
Pure, Old and Mellow

and the finest type of the best whiskey made.

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for 1 cent.



That is all it costs to heat enough water to run your bath-tub if you use a

Humphrey "Crescent" Instantaneous

Water Heater

The moment the match is applied to the burner hot water pours into the tub. Always ready, night and day; absolutely no waste of gas.

The "CRESCENT" is made for use of either GAS or KEROSENE; is of highly polished copper, nickel-plated, therefore durable; occupies little room; of small cost; requires no complicated piping—is simply connected with the water and gas in your bath room. It makes cold water hot in unlimited quantities.

The Simplest, Most Economical and Most Perfect Hot Water Heater Ever Invented.

Will save its cost in a short time in amount of coal used to keep up a range fire. We will be glad to send you full particulars, including illustrated book, "How the Millions Have Bathed" descriptive price list, etc. Address

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MRS. POTTER'S WALNUT JUICE Hair Stain

This Stain produces beautiful, rich shades of brown, which vary according to the original color of the hair and the amount of stain used. Purely vegetable. It cannot injure the hair, but will restore tresses that have been ruined by the use of chemicals and dyes. A peculiar and pleasing feature of this Stain is that the Hair retains the coloring much longer than by any dye and is constantly improving while it is used. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mailed to your address on receipt of \$1. Write for booklet.

Mrs. Potter, 72 Groton Bldg Cincinnati, O.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.
Largest Nursery. Result of 16 years' experience.
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N. Y.

Meantime, the thin sleuth, puffing a cigarette, is calmly losing the Fifteen's money at roulette. His duty at the critical moment is to unbar the main door and let in the raiders. To do this, he, weighing only one hundred and thirty pounds, must first overpower the doorkeeper, the big "nigger," who carries at least two hundredweight.

THE GAMBLERS' LAST STAKE

Of a sudden—the buzzer. It's button has been pressed by the picket at the Broad Street door, and the gamblers upstairs understand this alarm to mean imminent danger. The twenty odd players spring to their feet, then stand stock-still, as if fright-frozen. Then they rush in a body toward the "emergency" door, like a herd of panic-stricken sheep. The fat sleuth, like a stern shepherd, blocks the doorway with his two hundred and forty pounds.

All this, in the time of a lightning flash—and in the same flash the owner and "dealers," or partners, have sprung to their posts like sailors at sea upon the alarm of fire. It seemed, indeed, as if the gamblers had drilled, like a ship's crew, for just such a moment. Their every move was deliberate, as if practiced, and every move counted. One folded up the faro-table; another dumped all the chips into a bag; a third gathered up the money and cards—all in the twinkling of an eye.

But what's this? The sleuth notices that the proprietor is moving a sideboard—has already moved it far enough to reveal a door—a door, hitherto concealed, leading where? Not until this moment has the fat sleuth known of this door—but he understands that by this exit the gamblers mean to escape. And this he must prevent.

So he abandons his post and rushes to the sideboard, saying, "I'll help you, old boy," and brings his dead weight to bear on the heavy piece of furniture, moving it, however, in the opposite direction to that in which the gambler is pushing it. Next moment he has his man pinned to the wall behind the sideboard. But just then the fat sleuth is the recipient of a blow in the middle of the back, and he careens.

HELD BY THE ENEMY—AT LAST

The gambler, released, gives the sideboard a shove and dashes through the secret door which it has so long concealed. In his excitement, he slams the door shut. His partners rush to this door to follow him—the lock—"Damn the lock!"—it won't work—they curse—too late—Judge Jerome and the whole raiding force are upon them—and each gambler and the "nigger" doorkeeper is looking into the barrel of a revolver.

How did the slim sleuth get the best of the two hundred-pound doorkeeper? It was simple. The sleuth sprang to the sheet-iron door as if to make his escape that way. "There's trouble out there, boss," said the negro, in kindly warning. "Run out the other door." And the negro went to plant that blow on the back of the fat sleuth, who, by means of the sideboard, was squeezing the card man to a pulp against the wall.

Left to himself, the thin agent threw up the bolts and the invading party charged in. A delay of another half-minute, and the gamblers would all have escaped by the secret door—which was found to lead into a vacant room in the adjoining building, having an entrance on Broad Street, five hundred feet away from the raiding party.

Judge Jerome had warrants for five persons. "Well, we've got four of them," he said; "enough to show that police 'protection' has been extended to at least one gambling-house. Look here!" And he read from the curious notebook, before-mentioned, which one of the detectives had just handed him: "To expenses, first payment, \$500." Every other expense noted in this book was itemized; given, too, was the name of the person to whom the money was paid. But against this five hundred dollars there were no particulars.

This is the How of the raids; this is the way gentlemen of wealth, culture, education and dignity are descending by night into dens, dives, joints and brothels, pistol in hand; this is the way they are coping with the problem of protected vice; this is the way they are battling with a mighty Trust which is doing business in New York under the name of The Vice, Crime and Police Co., Un-Ltd.

HEUBLEIN'S Club Cocktails

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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CHAINLESS BICYCLE

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For \$5 additional we supply the Columbia Hub or Tire Coaster-Brake with either our Chainless or Chain Models.

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The JEWETT Pointer, the cleverest device ever placed on a typewriter, was one of the things which attracted the Jury. It will interest you. Art Catalogue Free, illustrates and explains everything. Send for one.

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Ironing Easy.
Gem Ironing Machine. Heated by gas or gasoline—1-2 cents per hour. Lasts lifetime. Fine for summer. 10 hours work in one hour. Free—illustrated booklet "Modern Methods in Ironing."
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Excels in strength, beauty and durability. Made of steel and iron. Cheaper than wood. 30 Designs. Catalog free.
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\$4.95 AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER \$4.95 BUYS THIS **Elegant Couch**

Would cost you more than double from your local dealer. This grand offer is made to advertise our money saving plan of selling Couches, Kitchen Cabinets and all kinds of Household Furniture direct to the consumer at a saving of from 30 to 50 per cent. Write for Our Special Bargain Sheet P. 27. This Latest Style Prince Couch is 70 in. long, 37 in. wide, has 30 best steel springs, spring edge, hardwood frame finished mahogany upholstered in figured Velvet Velour in green, red, blue or brown. Mattress tufted with patent buttons, heavy duck over all springs, brass trimmings at the head. Workmanship first-class throughout. A Great Bargain for \$4.95. Send us \$1.00 as evidence of good faith and we will ship Couch by freight, after examination at your depot if satisfactory pay the agent the balance (\$3.95) and charge and the couch is yours. We suggest that you order today, you will never again have such an opportunity.

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ARE WORN BY
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They stretch only when you do, and do not lose their stretch as others do. They're handsome, durable, sensible, and as comfortable and effective after long wear as when new. The Chester at 50 cents is the best at any price, though we have cheaper models for a quarter. All are GUARANTEED.

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Write for large descriptive book.
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Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair
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Cures scalp diseases and hair falling.
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WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT

(SIXTH ARTICLE)



THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT is one of the largest employment bureaus of the government, the majority of those engaged in this service securing their positions through competitive examinations and promotions. The postmaster and the chief assistant of each post office in the country are exempt from the Civil Service examinations, but all other positions come under the competitive system. Thus the greater number of persons entering this service do so at the bottom of the ladder, beginning as clerks and carriers, and working up by promotions to the higher positions, passing new examinations each time they are advanced. Carriers must be over twenty-one years of age at entrance, and not over forty; clerks, eighteen years and over. There are also examinations held in the Post-Office Department for porters, doorkeepers, janitors, stenographers, and typewriters. Both in the Post-Office and Departmental service the entrance salary of typewriters is from \$600 to \$1,000—rather more than the average wages paid by commercial houses. Clerks who understand shorthand as well as typewriting have their names entered upon two registers, thus doubling their chance of an early appointment. Speed and accuracy in stenography and typewriting are absolutely essential.

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING SERVICE

The Government Printing-Office is a rapidly growing institution, having its genesis more than half a century ago in a very small printing plant installed for government publishing. Clerical and special positions in this service naturally increase with the development of the plant, and to-day hundreds of pressmen, bookbinders, stereotypers, compositors, and electrotypers make their living in publishing Uncle Sam's records in book form. Experience in the trades and professions allied to the publishing and printing always counts in favor of applicants for positions in the printing service. Certified experience in some reputable publishing house covering a period of five to ten years will give higher marks than mere examination. The salaries paid for the different positions in this service are nearly the same as the commercial rates in private printing-offices.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE

Most of the positions in the Internal Revenue service are filled by competitive examination, but eligibles are certified for appointment only in the district in which they are examined. Stenographers employed in this service are taken from the departmental lists furnished for this purpose. There are many positions here which are filled without competitive examinations, either high offices, or those so humble that only unskilled workmen will apply for them. Included in this exempted list are ordinary workmen and laborers, deputy collectors, storekeepers and gaugers whose compensation does not exceed three dollars per day when actually employed, or whose aggregate compensation is not greater than \$500 per year. Applicants for position in this service must be twenty-one years of age, of good character, and possessing the physical ability necessary to good work in any capacity.

SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC EXAMINA- TIONS

There are a number of technical and scientific positions in the various departments and bureaus which require special examinations. Applicants for these places are notified when vacancies occur and informed as to when and where examinations will be held. These positions cannot be classified, as many of them stand by themselves. Hence examinations have to be made to fit each individual case. Such positions are as follows: agrostologist, anatomist, astronomer, botanical artist, bibliographer, cartographic draughtsman, cataloguer, chart corrector, chemist, climatologist, entomologist, horticulturist, assistant hydrographer, lapidist, lithographer, map colorer, microscopist, nautical expert, scientific positions in the National Museum, ornithologist, pharmacist, photographer, pomologist, pattern-maker, road expert, soil physicist, tea examiner, vault, safe and lock expert, verifier of weights and measures, wood engraver, and vegetable pathologist. This list shows to a certain extent the varied interests, professions and trades which the government touches in its department administrations. The salaries paid to these different experts range from \$1,000 to \$3,000 or \$4,000.

SOME IMPORTANT MISCELLANE- OUS POSITIONS

Some of the highest offices can be obtained through promotion from a humble beginning.

Consequently, in working for the government the chances of promotion should be kept steadily in mind. In the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the young aid begins on a salary of \$720, and the assistant microscopist starts with \$600. With good prospects of promotion in a line where competition is comparatively limited, the beginner is not so poorly placed as might at first appear. While receiving his modest salary the worker is familiarizing himself with technical and scientific matters which will fit him eventually for positions of greater responsibility. On the other hand, there are many miscellaneous positions which pay well at the beginning. Such is that of assistant examiner at the Patent-Office, where the entrance salary is \$1,200; or that of computer in the supervising architect's office at a salary of possibly \$1,800. Special high-grade knowledge is required by applicants for either of these positions, and it is the skill and education that are paid for.

In the supervising architect's office there are a number of good positions open to competition. The salaries for the chief officers or workmen in this office are good. Junior architectural draughtsmen receive \$600 to \$1,000 per annum; architectural draughtsmen, \$1,200 to \$2,000; structural steel draughtsmen, \$1,600; and heating and ventilating draughtsmen and electrical engineers and draughtsmen, \$1,200 to \$1,600.

IN THE FISH AND AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENTS

Statistical field agents in the Fish Commission's service are scattered throughout the country, with salaries for beginners ranging between \$300 and \$1,200 per year. Station superintendents at the hatcheries receive the higher wages, while minor employees average between \$700 and \$800. In the Department of Agriculture there are many grades of employees and a sliding scale of salaries. Taggers in the bureau of animal industry receive \$720 as entrance salaries; inspectors and assistant inspectors of meat in the same bureau are paid \$1,200 to \$1,400 at the beginning. Applicants for work in this department must be graduates of veterinary colleges, and, strange to say, the number of eligibles for the positions, well paid as they are, are not sufficient to meet the demand. A large number of scientific and semi-scientific positions are offered to young students in the Agricultural Department, and examinations are held every six months.

CIVIL SERVICE FOR THE PHILIP- PINES

The Civil Service Commission will hold next fall the first examinations for applicants for positions in the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. The President, last November, directed the Commission to render aid to the Civil Service Board created under the act of the United States Philippine Commission for the establishment and maintenance of an honest and efficient civil service in these islands. Appointments will consequently be made through the same channels as those for the different home departments. No arrangements were made for holding examinations this spring, but in the future these will be held regularly with the home examinations.

SECURING POSITIONS

Spring and fall examinations for positions under the Civil Service are held regularly, and the dates for different parts of the country are announced in the local papers. Several thousand vacancies occur every year, and these are filled from the list of eligibles as fast as they can be secured. All citizens of the United States who have not been indicted for crime, and can show good character and honesty, can take the examinations. If qualified, they can take as many examinations under different branches as they wish, and if they pass, their names will be entered upon the registers of the different services. Vacancies are first filled by the eligibles who have passed the highest examinations, and so those who have passed with honors in several departments stand the best chance of receiving an appointment. Sometimes two or more appointments come to one person from as many departments. In such a case, he has his choice of the positions offered.

Application blanks for examinations, and printed instructions how to proceed, can be had at any time by addressing the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. In all cities there are local Civil Service examining boards for positions under their jurisdiction. Full information will be supplied by them upon request. Thus it is that the system works impartially, and enables the poorest and least influential to compete equally with those better favored in life. It is merit, not influence, that counts in government service.

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The Best at Any Price

Sent on approval to
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A Pocket Companion of
never ending usefulness, a
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FOUR
Full Quarts,
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Saves Middlemen's
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Proposition:

We will send
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Hayner's Seven
Year Old Double
Copper Distilled
Rye for \$3.20,
Express Prepaid. We ship in plain pack-
ages—no marks to indicate contents.
When you get it and test it, if it isn't
satisfactory return it at our expense, and
we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey
cannot be purchased elsewhere for less
than \$5.00.

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JUNE NUMBER

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THE MIDDLE COURSE, MRS. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

An Absorbing Story of London Society.

MRS. M. E. SHERWOOD contributes *The Wandering American*, an article of timely interest to all travelers and would-be travelers.HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD writes a strange psychological story entitled *The Conquering Will*.EDGAR SALTUS is at his best in a pyrotechnic essay, *Vanity Square*.GELETT BURGESS contributes a unique tale, *The Midnight Matchmaker*.FLORA BIGELOW DODGE tells the humorous story of *The Man of One Vice*.PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIATSKY reveals the mystery of a beautiful woman at the Russian Court in *The American Widow*.JOHN REGNAULT ELLYSON presents one of his most fantastic tales in the \$100 prize story, *In My Wife's Eye*.Other notable contributions are *The Madness of Ishtar*, by Bliss Carman; *The Rose of Heart's Delight*, by Justus Miles Forman; *Of Many, One*, by Baroness von Hutten; and *The Van Kuyper Verdict*, by Fanny Gregory Sanger.

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Write for attractive booklet "What to Wear." SENT FREE.
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THE BICYCLE adds to woman's power, ministers to her health and happiness. There is no better wheel for women than the FEATHERSTONE.

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with its immense smelters, great mining and stock interests, and inexhaustible water power is worthy of your attention.

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Short route to Great Falls.Information and Rates, 413 Broadway, N. Y.
or F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

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For Men and Women

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